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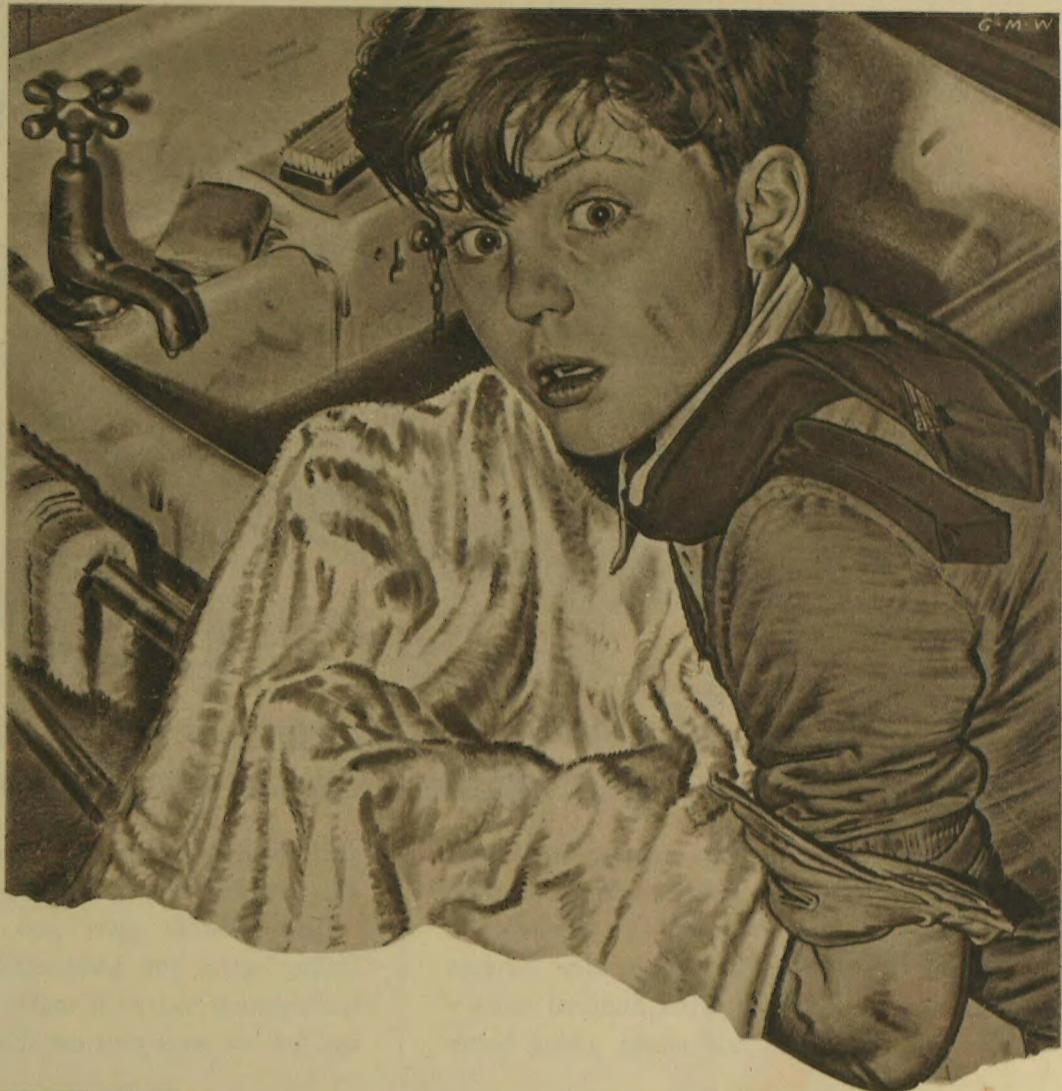
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How sad the Guinness takes so long
To get to where it makes him strong!*

*Now your bicycle's
all over my towel!*

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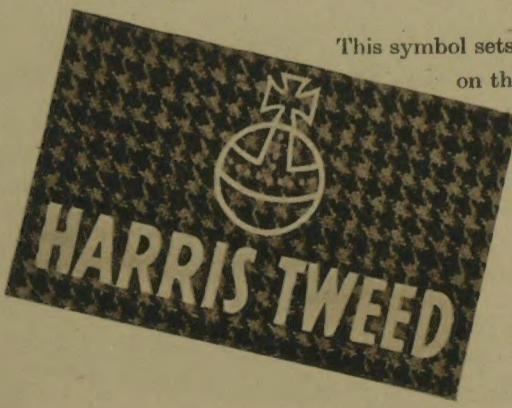
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★ Look for the mark on the cloth
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Issued by THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LTD



10 minutes per burglary!



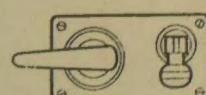
Did you know that the average housebreaker reckons to force a lock, ransack the rooms and get away (a richer man) in less time than it takes to smoke a cigarette?

He has to work fast to avoid discovery. He must choose an "easy" lock. He can't afford to waste time on an anti-burglar lock, on a Chubb. He knows that these world-famous locks are unbeatable. And he moves on to an easier job.

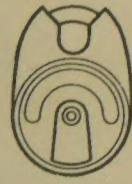
Unbeatable locks

Can you lock up for the night or leave the home empty without fear

of being burgled? If you're doubtful, you would be wise to fit a Chubb. Ask your ironmonger to show you the anti-burglar locks Chubb make specially for houses, flats, garages and other buildings.



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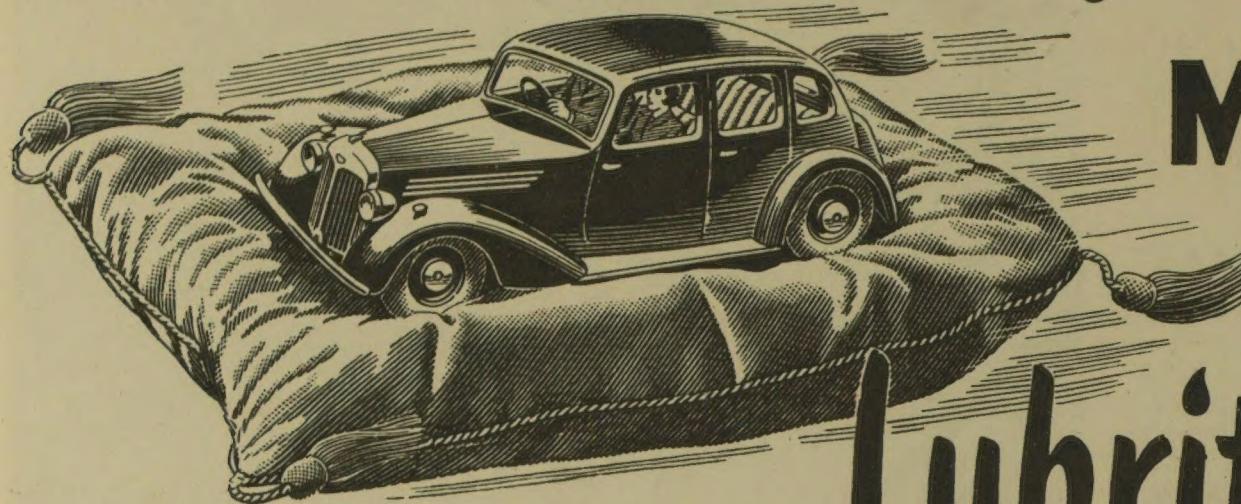


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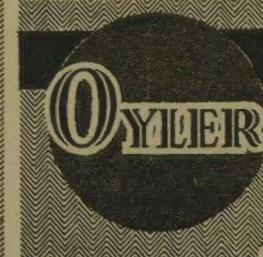
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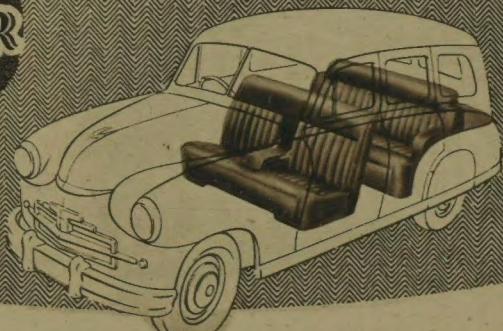
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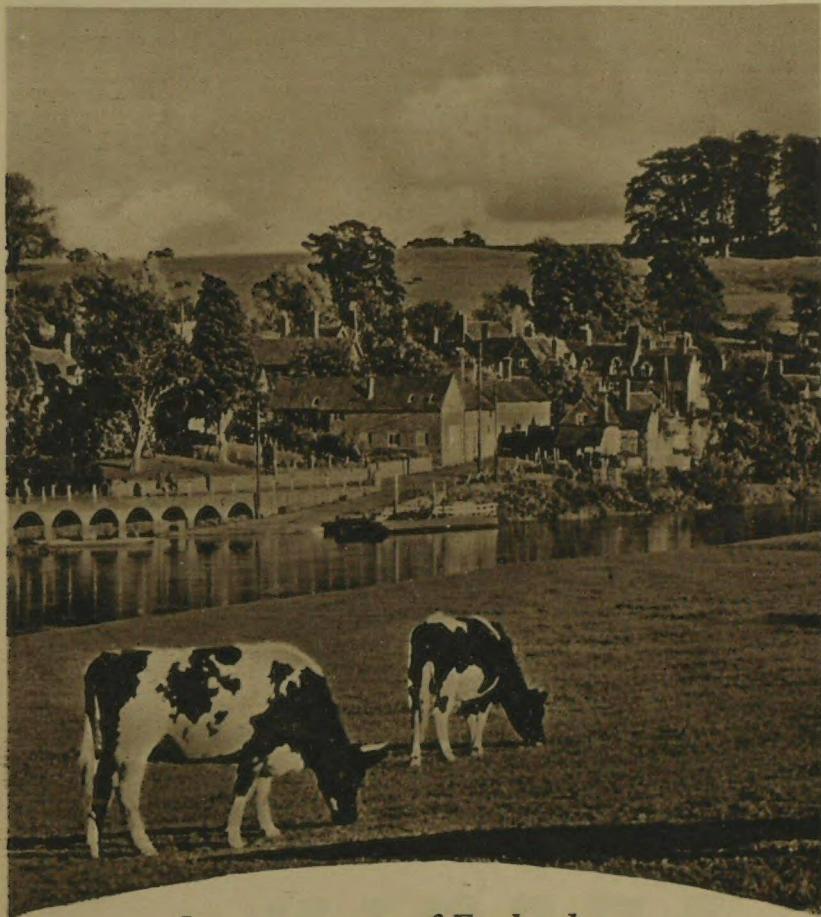
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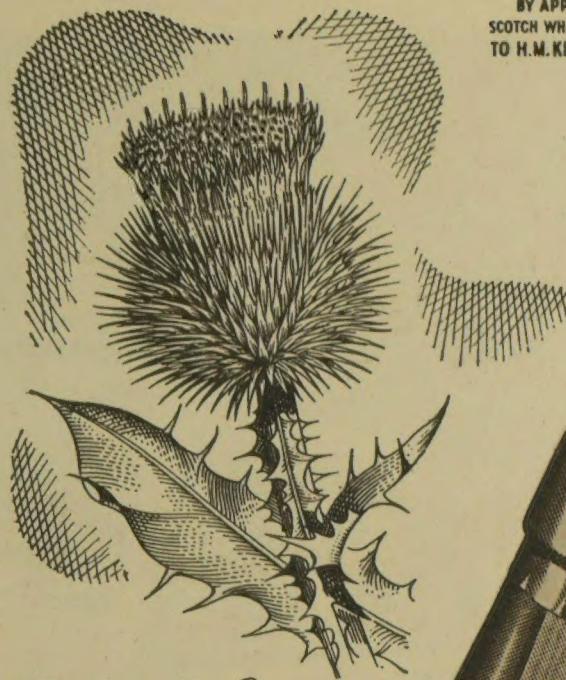
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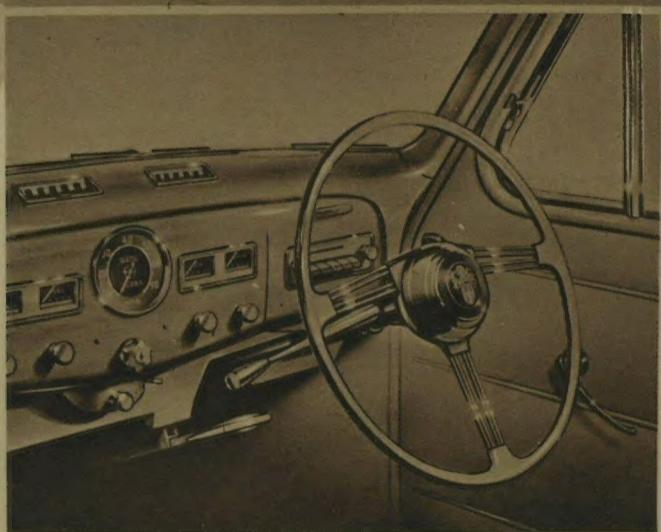
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1952.



ROUNDING-UP EGYPTIAN POLICE IN EL HAMMADA, ONE OF THE BASES OF THE "NATIONAL LIBERATION ARMY": (TOP) A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING SOME OF THE ARMS AND EQUIPMENT CAPTURED AT THE EL HAMMADA POLICE STATION. (BELOW) TROOPS OF THE 1ST GUARDS BRIGADE MARCHING THEIR PRISONERS OFF FOR INTERROGATION.

BELIEVED TO HAVE AIDED THE "NATIONAL LIBERATION ARMY": EGYPTIAN POLICE ARRESTED AT EL HAMMADA.

Following the first major attack by units of the Egyptian "National Liberation Army" on the ordnance dépôt at Tel-el-Kebir, troops of the 1st Guards Brigade searched the two villages of El Hammada and Tel-el-Kebir on January 16. The small village of El Hammada was found to have a garrison of 130 Egyptian police, instead of the normal force of about twelve men, and a quantity of arms and ammunition was captured, presumably kept at the police station for the

use of the "commandos." When British troops entered the village shots were fired from the police station, and they returned the fire, with the result that the police emerged and surrendered. They were marched away for interrogation at the Tel-el-Kebir railway station, and a statement was issued that they would be detained until "a full inquiry has been held into the circumstances under which fire was opened on our troops."



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE factual importance of economics and economic history—too much neglected in the past—and of the administrative machinery of our complex age has caused modern man to lose sight of a profoundly important truth. It is that what really determines the course of history is not the way men obtain their daily bread or organise their political societies, but what they believe. Their beliefs may be, and undoubtedly are, influenced by their economic circumstances and political and social institutions. But they do not arise from them. They arise from germinating human minds, and what is the cause of the germinating capacity of the human mind—of certain individual minds—no economist or student of institutions can explain. A Marx or a Ricardo can offer no explanation of the Christian religion that could satisfy an open and enquiring mind. There is, in fact, no logical explanation for Christianity's existence except the existence of Christ. And when we ask for an explanation of Christ's existence—or, for that matter, of Marx's—we postulate a question that science cannot answer. It can only evade it.

During the nineteenth century men believed in the overriding moral importance of individuals making money profits. The face of the world is covered with impressive physical monuments, most of them rather ugly monuments, to that belief and which arose as the consequence of that belief. To-day, over the greater part of the earth—the Western Hemisphere is an exception—men seem to have become obsessed with a diametrically opposite belief, and in pursuit of it, certainly in this country, are conducting themselves in such a way as to render almost certain a completely unnecessary economic disaster, including widespread famine: a remarkable example of the fallacy of the economists' supposition that men are primarily governed by self-interest! They are primarily governed by nothing of the sort: they are primarily governed by ideas. Look at the Pyramids, for instance! And, to take an illustration nearer home, look at our mediaeval cathedrals! When one recalls that about 999 out of every 1000 of our ancestors at that time lived in wattle and timber huts not much bigger than those in which the more primitive kind of farmer to-day keeps his farrowing sows, and that even royal palaces were little more than barns, the extraordinary force of ideas on human conduct becomes fully apparent. For how, in an age without even the most elementary machinery for transporting and lifting great weights, can we account for men, whose own ideas of housing were so modest, devoting such an enormous expenditure of effort, ingenuity and resolution to raise such tremendous edifices as the tower and nave of Ely and the spire of Salisbury Cathedral? To appreciate their achievement one has only to calculate what it would cost, even with our modern machinery, power and transport system, to build *ab novo* every cathedral and parish church in England in stone. It would make the bill for the present rearmament programme look insignificant in comparison. Yet this is what our ill-equipped ancestors in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries did, and at a time when the population of the country was not 40,000,000, but less than three or four.

Try to consider how this miracle—the material evidence for which stares us in the face—came about? Of what it was wrought? The recovery of the Church of Rome from the weakness, disunity and feudal barbarism which befell Western Christendom in the dreadful centuries of the Norse invasions is one of the inescapable, if inexplicable, phenomena of history. A few years before the Norman Conquest of England the Roman Church regained from the feudal nobility of Rome the right to elect its Pope. Seven years after the Battle of Hastings there ascended the papal throne one of the great men of all time, Gregory VII., or Hildebrand. He and his successors made it their aim to purge the Church of the abuses that had grown up under barbarian kings and lords, and to make it independent of any earthly power.

They succeeded. The Church was united which the feudal overlords were not. It stood, almost alone, for peace and order in a warring continent. It enjoyed through its use of writing and reading in Latin a monopoly of education. Above all, in a universe shaken by disasters and ridden by terrors, it offered to simple, credulous men the promise of eternal bliss and the threat of eternal torment. Kings and their subjects alike believed

that the Bishop of Rome, as the heir of St. Peter, held the keys of Heaven and Hell. For after ten centuries of Christian teaching and six of barbarism, Christ's religion had not lost its hold on men's hearts. If anything, in the troubles of a world rent by strife and racked by poverty, it had grown stronger. As was natural in an age of ignorance, it had become overlaid with superstitions and childlike errors, many of them derived from the pagan beliefs it had supplanted. The creed of love and forgiveness that Christ had taught was not easily grasped by men whose forbears had offered sacrifices to demons. They saw devils lurking behind every bush and cloud. The Hell, fiends and witches of Nordic legend, the fertility rites and incantations of primitive tribal worship, the idolatry and magic of mysterious eastern cults had become so inextricably mingled with the simple gospel story of Christ's life and ascension that it had become hard for men to distinguish truth from error.

Yet behind all this superstition lay a magnificent conception, shared by rich and poor alike, educated and ignorant. It was that the universe, from its greatest to its most minute particle, was governed by Divine Law. Everything that happened in the world—that happened, was happening or was going to happen—was part of the same majestic process, only partly intelligible to man's puny and imperfect intellect. The Church existed to explain God's law to men and to help them obey it and obtain, through Christ's love and sacrifice, forgiveness when they broke it. And it existed for everyone. Alone in a world of inequalities the Church opened its doors to all men. It was not merely for members of certain families or tribes, for kings or feudal landowners, for the successful or the learned. It was for fools and failures, for the weak and sick, for women and children, for prisoners, slaves and paupers, for sinners, especially for sinners. It was for all who, accepting the truth revealed by the Church, had faith and believed.

It was this universal quality that made the Church's appeal so great. It made everything a means to one end: the fulfilment of God's high and inscrutable purpose. The King doing justice on his throne, the knight fighting the infidel, the priest praying for souls, the peasant working in the fields, the artist and craftsman glorifying creation, the woman rearing children, all were members of a single family, and, in God's eyes, equally important. It gave life, for everyone, purpose and significance. And because it gave life purpose and significance, it changed the face of the world. It made the great tradition, however imperfectly kept, of courtesy to women and chivalry to the weak. It made the

conception of justice and of protection to the weak the ideal of the new national kings. It laid the corner-stone of the proposition, so diametrically opposite to every appearance and to everything that men till then had believed, that all men, being equally dear to God, have a right to be respected and, as was to happen in the fullness of time and as a result, to be consulted as to their earthly destiny. And it created, as I have said, the miracle of the great Gothic edifices that still dominate the landscape of Western Europe. There is a passage in Henry Adams' noble book, "Mont St. Michel and Chartres," which describes, from a contemporary letter, the raising of the latter, the crowning glory of Christian architecture. I cannot do better than quote it:

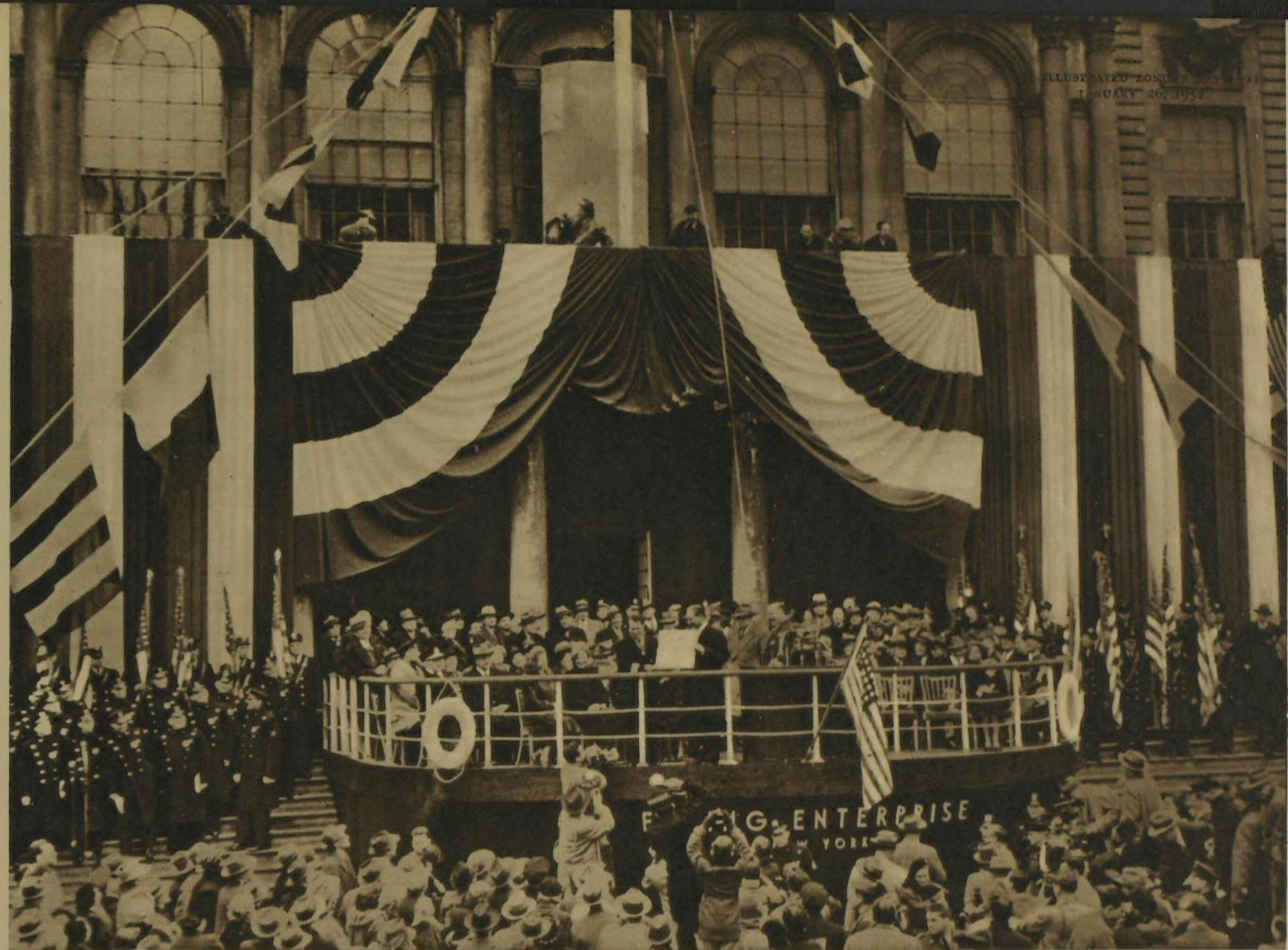
Who has ever seen! who has ever heard tell, in times past, that powerful princes of the world, that men brought up in honour and in wealth, that nobles, men and women, have bent their proud and haughty necks to the harness of carts, and that, like beasts of burden, they have dragged to the abode of Christ these waggons, loaded with wines, grains, oil, stone, wood, and all that is necessary for the wants of life, or for the construction of the Church? But while they draw these burdens, there is one thing admirable to observe; it is that often when a thousand persons and more are attached to the chariots—so great is the difficulty—yet they march in such silence that not a murmur is heard, and truly if one did not see the thing with one's eyes, one might believe that among such a multitude there was hardly a person present. When they halt on the road, nothing is heard but the confession of sins, and pure and suppliant prayer to God to obtain pardon. At the voice of the priests who exhort their hearts to peace, they forget all hatred. . . . After the people, warned by the sound of trumpets and the sight of banners, have resumed their road, the march is made with such ease that no obstacle can retard it.

FINANCE MINISTERS AND DELEGATES OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH IN LONDON.



THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER WITH THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE COMMONWEALTH AT THE OPENING OF TALKS IN LONDON TO DISCUSS THE BALANCE OF PAYMENTS CRISIS IN THE STERLING AREA.

These meetings, which opened on January 15 in the Air Council Conference Room, King Charles Street, were presided over by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. R. A. Butler, and were called "to consider measures to restore and maintain the strength of sterling." Our photograph shows: (left to right) Mr. Jayawardene (Finance Minister of Ceylon); Mr. Mohammad Ali (Finance Minister of Pakistan); Mr. J. M. Sinclair (Finance Minister of Northern Ireland); Mr. Krishna Menon (High Commissioner in London for India); Mr. S. C. Holland (Prime Minister and Minister for Finance of New Zealand); Mr. R. A. Butler; Sir Arthur Fadden (Commonwealth Treasurer and Deputy Prime Minister of Australia); Mr. D. C. Abbott (Finance Minister of Canada); Mr. E. C. F. Whitehead (Finance Minister of Southern Rhodesia); and Mr. N. C. Havenga (Finance Minister of South Africa).



SHOWING THE PLATFORM DESIGNED TO REPRESENT THE STERN OF THE FLYING ENTERPRISE: CAPTAIN KURT CARLSEN, OUTSIDE THE CITY HALL, NEW YORK, WHERE, AFTER BEING RECEIVED BY THE MAYOR, MR. IMPELLITTERI, HE WAS PRESENTED WITH THE CITY'S MEDAL OF HONOUR.



PASSING ALONG BROADWAY: CAPTAIN KURT CARLSEN, SEATED ON THE BACK OF AN OPEN MOTOR-CAR. THE PROCESSION TO THE CITY HALL WAS HEADED BY POLICE AND INCLUDED AN ARMY BAND, DETACHMENTS FROM THE ARMED SERVICES, AND OVER 700 MIDSHIPMEN IN UNIFORM.

NEW YORK GREETS CAPTAIN CARLSEN: A TUMULTUOUS CIVIC WELCOME FOR THE CAPTAIN OF THE FLYING ENTERPRISE.

Captain Kurt Carlsen, captain of the *Flying Enterprise*, whose fortitude in remaining alone in his crippled ship for nearly a week before being joined by Mr. Dancy roused world-wide admiration, received a tumultuous welcome in New York on January 17, when he drove in an open motor-car along the famous "ticker-tape trail" of Broadway to the City Hall, where he was received by the Mayor of New York on a platform designed to represent the stern of

the *Flying Enterprise*, and presented with the City's Medal of Honour. Cheering crowds estimated by the police at a figure of 300,000 lined the route, and showers of confetti and swathes of ticker-tape floated down from all the buildings. Captain Carlsen had arrived by air from England only ten hours before the civic welcome accorded him. His wife and daughters, who had met him at the airport, occupied a car behind that in which he drove in the procession.



"I HAVE COME NOT TO ASK FOR GOLD, BUT FOR STEEL": MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL ADDRESSING A JOINT SESSION OF CONGRESS IN THE CHAMBER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES IN WASHINGTON.

On January 17 Mr. Winston Churchill addressed a joint session of Congress in the Chamber of the House of Representatives in Washington. He spoke for thirty-seven minutes and was interrupted by applause fifteen times. In his speech he said: "I have not come to ask you for money to make life more comfortable for us in Britain. . . . I have come not to ask for gold, but for steel, not for favours, but equipment." He referred to the two elections in Britain in the last twenty months, "and we now look forward to a steady period of administration in accordance with the mandate we have received," and said, "Russia, eight

years ago our brave ally, has cast away the admiration and good will her soldiers gained for her in valiant defence of her own country. It is not the fault of the Western Powers that an immense gulf has opened between us." Mr. Churchill also stated: "It is no longer for us alone to bear the whole burden of maintaining the freedom of the famous waterway of the Suez Canal. That has now become an international rather than a national responsibility . . . it would enormously aid us in our task if even token forces of other partners were stationed in the Canal Zone as a symbol of the unity of purpose which inspires us."



"A GRAND PERFORMANCE BY A GRAND MAN": THE STANDING OVATION BY MEMBERS OF CONGRESS AT THE CONCLUSION OF MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S ADDRESS IN THE CHAMBER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

As Mr. Winston Churchill completed his address to the joint session of Congress on January 17 the members stood up and applauded—an ovation for the man who, speaking in a strong voice, had held their attention for thirty-seven minutes with a survey of the world's, and Britain's, present problems and who had stressed that Britain and the United States were working together in the same high cause. Mr. Churchill reminded his audience that Bismarck had said that the supreme fact of the nineteenth century was that Britain and the United States spoke the same language, and added, "Let us make sure that the supreme fact of the

twentieth century is that they tread the same path." The general opinion of the speech was voiced by Senator Wiley, the senior Republican on the Foreign Relations Committee, who said: "A grand performance by a grand man," to which some added, "from the British point of view." Mr. Churchill was conducted to the rostrum by the House doorkeeper and after surveying the loudly-applauding members, turned and shook hands with Mr. Barkley, Vice-President, and Mr. Rayburn, the Speaker, on the dais behind him. Later, as Mr. Churchill left the Capitol, crowds in the corridors applauded him vigorously.

WINTRY WEATHER, MR. CHURCHILL IN CANADA, AND A ROYAL OCCASION.



SNOWBOUND: A LONG LINE OF LORRIES IN DEEP DRIFTS ON THE MAIN WOODHEAD ROAD BETWEEN SHEFFIELD AND MANCHESTER.



TRYING TO CLEAR THE BUXTON-LEEK ROAD IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND: A GANG OF WORKMEN SHOVELLING AWAY SNOW TO ALLOW STRANDED LORRIES TO PASS. Mid-January snowstorms slowed down traffic in many parts of Britain. On January 19, A.A. patrols reported sixteen blocked roads in the North of England and Scotland. About forty cars and lorries were stranded by 4-ft. drifts of snow on the Woodhead road, between Sheffield and Manchester. Most of them were almost completely buried in snow, and some of the owners were accommodated at inns nearby.



AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA, ON JANUARY 11: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL WITH LORD ALEXANDER, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA, AND LADY ALEXANDER.



ON THE STEPS OF THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS IN OTTAWA: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL WITH THE CANADIAN PRIME MINISTER, MR. ST. LAURENT (RIGHT).



ARRIVING AT THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS: MR. CHURCHILL, GREETED BY MR. ST. LAURENT, PAUSES TO LOOK AT A "MOUNTIE" IN WINTER FURS.

Mr. Winston Churchill arrived in Ottawa by train on January 11 for his four-day Canadian visit, during which he renewed his personal contacts with Mr. St. Laurent, the Canadian Prime Minister, and members of his Cabinet, and gave the Canadian Government a first-hand account of his Washington

conferences. During his visit Mr. Churchill was the guest of Lord Alexander at Rideau Hall, the Governor-General's residence. On January 14 Mr. Churchill was the guest of honour at a State dinner in Ottawa, when he made the one speech of his visit, which was broadcast.



JUMPING WELL AT HURST PARK IN THE MORTLAKE NOVICES STEEPELCHASE: THE QUEEN'S CHASER DEVON LOCH (LEFT), RIDDEN BY B. MARSHALL, TAKING A FENCE WITH THE WINNER, MONT TREMBLANT, RIDDEN BY D. V. DICK.



ATTENDING THE RACE MEETING AT HURST PARK ON JANUARY 17: H.M. THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH TALKING TO A JOCKEY.

The Queen and Princess Elizabeth were present at Hurst Park on January 17. They saw the Queen's horse, *Devon Loch*, run in the Mortlake Novices Steeplechase, its first appearance over fences. *Devon Loch* finished second, four lengths behind Miss Dorothy Paget's *Mont Tremblant*. He and *Devon Loch* were in front all the way. In the second circuit *Devon Loch* hit one fence and lost a little ground. Except for this one error he jumped well.

A BOMB OUTRAGE IN THE HEART OF SAIGON.



A COMMUNIST BOMB OUTRAGE IN THE CENTRE OF SAIGON: CARS BURNING AFTER THE EXPLOSIONS WHICH KILLED FIVE PERSONS AND INJURED THIRTY.



RESCUERS AND SALVAGE MEN AT WORK AFTER THE VIET MINH BOMB OUTRAGES IN THE PRINCIPAL SQUARES IN SAIGON, THE CHIEF CITY OF SOUTHERN INDO-CHINA.



STILL LITTERED WITH DÉBRIS: THE SCENE OUTSIDE THE TOWN HALL OF SAIGON, WHERE ONE BOMB EXPLODED. THE OTHER WAS OUTSIDE THE THEATRE.

The Communists' radio in Indo-China announced that the anniversary of the students' riots early in 1951 would not pass unmarked; and on the morning of January 8 two bombs exploded among the car-parks in two of Saigon's chief squares, the one in front of the Town Hall, the other in front of the theatre. The squares at the time were crowded with several thousands of people. The bombs had apparently been set among parked cars. Five people were killed, two of them French, and thirty were injured, two of them seriously. About twelve cars were destroyed. Rescue workers were soon on the scene and it is reported that nine persons were arrested. In the meanwhile, in northern Indo-China, in the Red River delta in Tonking, heavy fighting has been going on, with combined French and Viet Namise attempts to dislodge the Communists from their positions near Hoa-Binh

ORKNEY'S 120-MILES-PER-HOUR HURRICANE.

In the early hours of January 15, the worst storm in living memory struck the Orkney Islands, Caithness and the Shetlands. The greatest violence of the wind was experienced in Orkney, where the instruments at Grimsetter Airport "went off scale" after recording a wind speed of 105 m.p.h., and reliable estimates placed the worst gusts at about 120 m.p.h. No lives were lost, but an immense amount of damage was done to buildings, poultry and stock, and there were very heavy losses of animal foodstuffs. The poultry industry, one of the chief of Orkney's industries, was especially heavily hit. An appeal for assistance to the islands has been made; a special message of sympathy was sent by the King and Queen; and the Secretary of State for Scotland, Mr. James Stuart, paid a special visit to the island. The amount of the damage is estimated to be in the region of £1,000,000.



ONE OF TWO OMNIBUS GARAGES DESTROYED BY THE HURRICANE WHICH HIT THE ORKNEY ISLANDS ON JANUARY 15. SOME BUSES ARE BURIED IN THE RUINS OF THE BUILDING.



BEFORE THE HURRICANE, WITH ITS ESTIMATED SPEED OF 120 M.P.H., STRUCK, THIS LORRY WAS UPRIGHT IN A GARAGE WHICH THE WIND COMPLETELY SWEPT AWAY.



OUTSIDE KIRKWALL, ORKNEY'S LARGEST TOWN: CATTLE SHEDS AND STEADINGS BLOWN TO MATCHWOOD AND POULTRY HOUSES AND THEIR POULTRY BLOWN AWAY.



DR. PHILIP GOSSE, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Dr. Philip Gosse was born in 1879, the only son of the late Sir Edmund Gosse, and educated at Haileybury and St. Bartholomew's Hospital. His subsequent life as a general practitioner was punctuated by excursions to all parts of the world. His chief interests are the study of nature; and the lives of peculiar people—particularly pirates, about whom he is an acknowledged authority.

Biography" that he was astonished to learn that even the gentle Dr. Oliver of Bath had had one quarrel, that that quarrel was with a Philip Thicknesse. He followed Thicknesse up, found that he had been expelled from Westminster School for absenteeism, discovered Gainsborough, gone to Georgia with the early settlers, fought in Jamaica, commanded Landguard Fort, near Harwich, travelled widely and written voluminously, and, above all, quarrelled incessantly with all sorts of people, from the Wesley brothers and General Oglethorpe to brother-officers, the medical profession, peers, actors, and his own progeny, even having a row with the amiable Gainsborough, whose talents he was the first to observe. Also, as has proved so fortunate for his biographer, he wrote down and published all his squabbles without the least regard for the law of libel or, it must be confessed, for common decency.

He came of a good and ancient landed stock, and his relations were worthy and successful persons; but from the start he was "the only one in step." This at least results in the fact that he is a more amusing subject for a book than the more conventional members of his family. He was not entirely wild: a man without method in his madness would hardly, after his third marriage, have written in his journal: "I believe it is no great matter of difficulty to make a woman who loves a man, believe anything he says." Moreover, he did contrive somehow or other to obtain whatever money he needed. But he was eccentric to a degree, and so hot-tempered and convinced of his own superiority that no prudence restrained his violence, even when self-control would have paid him. There were no limits to the conceit of this robust and cheery bruiser. When Lord Thurlow proved unable to do something for one of Thicknesse's friends, his comment was: "Such a reply, from such a man as the Lord Chancellor to such a man as myself!" And there was no limit (it seems) to his powers of self-deception. There is little doubt that he swindled his son Philip, but he went so far in his will as to write: "I leave my right hand, to be cut off after death, to my son, Lord Audley, and I desire it may be sent him in hopes that such a sight may remind him of his duty to God, after having so long abandoned the duty he owed his Father who once affectionately loved him."

Maddening in life, he is, however, never tiresome at this distance. And through his eyes and Dr. Gosse's we are presented here with a panorama of vivid scenes in England, France, Spain, America and the West Indies. We also meet a pleasant variety of persons, notably Gainsborough, who, on being told by Thicknesse that his portraits of Garrick and Foote were not up to standard, said: "Rot them for a couple of Rogues, they have every Body's faces but their own."

Towards the end, after his long contemplation of the career of this unusually versatile, racy, pugnacious, self-satisfied eccentric, Dr. Gosse comes bluntly to the point. "And now, reader," says he, "prepare yourself for a blow—sooner or later the unsavoury truth must emerge, and it had better be faced forthwith.... Was Philip Thicknesse a crook, a gambler or a blackmailer? His biographer, with genuine regret, has to admit that, after several years' research, he is convinced that he was a bit of all three." In spite of the fact that he did get occasional profits from selling commissions and cottages and some thousands through two of his wives, and even, late in life, a fair amount from the sales of his travel-books, he must have had other sources in order to live in the style in which he did live—and the suggestion, all too fully backed up, is that he made money either by suppressing or by selling letters. But, odd man though he was in so many respects, if he was a blackmailer he was the oddest of all blackmailers. For he was completely open about it. When he was living in the Crescent at Bath he might almost have put a brass plate up: "Capt. P. Thicknesse, Blackmailer," as others put up "J. Popkin Perkin, Surgeon." Openly, in a preface to his

THE MOST QUARRELSONE MAN WHO EVER LIVED.

"DR. VIPER. THE QUERULOUS LIFE OF PHILIP THICKNESSE"; By PHILIP GOSSE.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

POSSIBLY I may have inadvertently missed something; but it seems a long time since I was cheered by the sight of a new volume by the ingenious author of "Memoirs of a Camp Follower," "An Apple a Day," "St. Helena" and "The Pirates' Who's Who." Now that one has arrived, it is, as might be expected, "individual" in theme and treatment. Dr. Gosse, in libraries, as in life, is a great "browser," and it was while "browsing aimlessly among the intriguing pages of the 'Dictionary of National

late "Memoirs and Anecdotes," he wrote: "I know not what I should have done to make both ends meet, in my old age, if it had not been for the *repeated kindnesses* of my enemies:... I can at any time muster ten or a dozen knaves and fools, who will put an hundred pounds or two into my pocket, merely by holding them up to public scorn.... I hope to be excused if I let the world know that it is a man's enemies, not his friends, who serve him best." In other words, he did not think he was a blackmailer; he was merely punishing bad men. Dr. Gosse admits,

after his former regretful admission, that from Thicknesse's point of view: "Right had always been on his side: no fault of his if people would misunderstand his motives, which had always been honourable, and on the side of truth and justice."

His wife seems to have shared that view. When Thicknesse, in his seventy-fourth year, died at Boulogne, a monument was erected in the Protestant cemetery there, giving a brief résumé of his character and achievements. Our ancestors were apt to be comprehensive, complimentary and informative in their "lapidary inscriptions." Of the eminent Boyle, it was stated in his epitaph that he was "Father of English Chemistry and Brother to the Earl of Cork"; of Philip de Loutherbourg, R.A., that "he united the natural enjoyment of the pleasures of this world with a confident expectation of those of the world to come"—and one couldn't wish for anything better than that, could one? Thicknesse's epitaph certainly covered the ground: "Philip Thicknesse, late Lieutenant-Governor of Landguard Fort (whose remains were deposited in this place on the 8th of November, 1792), was a man of strict honour and integrity; few men had less failings, but fewer still possessed his eminent virtues. His heart was ever open to relieve the distresses of others as far as the small limits of his purse would admit; for having drunk deeply of the bitter cup of affliction himself, he knew how to feel and pity another's woe! His loss is truly lamented by all those who were acquainted with his real worth. No man ever was his enemy whose friendship was worth coveting. His literary talents were universally admired, but by those who were stung by the severe but just censure of his poignant pen."

"He married thrice: first Maria Lanouye; secondly, Lady Elizabeth Touchet, by whom the Barony of Audley descended to his eldest son; thirdly, Ann Ford, his now affectionate and afflicted widow, who inscribes this stone to her ever honoured and beloved husband, as the last mark she can give of her gratitude and unbounded love to the memory of a man with whom she lived thirty years in perfect felicity." Any man might well be content to be commemorated in such terms as those: I constrain myself to suppress the conjecture that he may have written the epitaph himself.

Dr. Gosse's narrative is characteristically clear and easy and full of delight in odd facts and quirks of character, which are commented upon with a humour so quiet and sly that its expression is almost murmured. One at least of his questions might be followed up. Amongst the people Thicknesse had one-sided rows with was Dr. Moore, the gentle Archbishop of Canterbury. But Thicknesse had to admit that his sister Mrs. Grey (they had all known the Archbishop when young) thought otherwise than himself, for she left him in her will: "A picture worked by her daughter, Mrs. Lloyd, the Dean of Norwich's wife; of real value, merely because the Bullfinch which is pecking at a bunch of grapes in a cabbage leaf, was copied from a Bull-fin Mr. Moore shot." "Can it be," asks Dr. Gosse, "that by any lucky chance this historic specimen of needlework art still adorns the walls of the Archbishop's palace at Lambeth?" It might well still be there amid the accumulations of centuries, if not on a wall, then perhaps in a lumber-room. Unexpected things certainly are in that Palace. I once saw there a very beautiful portrait of Sir Philip Sidney's "Stella." Stupidly, I neglected to ask how it had found its way there: she at least I cannot suppose to have been shot by an Archbishop.

The illustrations are varied and good. They include various caricatures and portraits of Thicknesse, a sketch by Gainsborough of Thicknesse's cottage at Felixstowe, drawings made in Spain, probably by the third wife, and a quite lovely painting of that third wife by Gainsborough which has found its way to the Cincinnati Art Museum. It is a pity that the volume does not include the caricature by Gillray which is semi-wasted on the ephemeral jacket, a remarkable drawing of Thicknesse firmly perched, quill in hand, on a barrel of gall-stones (he collected them and professed to cure people of them) with a devil whispering in his ear, Minerva with her owl and countless pamphlets springing from his head, and the surrounding air full of all sorts of vignettes and inscriptions illustrating his volcanic life, including the image of the ape which he used as a postillion when driving on the Continent.



THE MAN WHOSE QUARRELSONE NATURE EARNED HIM THE NICKNAME OF "DR. VIPER": CAPTAIN PHILIP THICKNESSE. After a drawing by William Hoare. By Courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum.

Philip Thicknesse, the subject of Dr. Gosse's biography, was born in 1719 and died in 1792. His life story was of so various a nature that Dr. Gosse presents not only the portrait of one man, but a cross-section of the life and personalities of the eighteenth century at home and abroad.



THE THICKNESSE FAMILY ON JOURNEY TO SPAIN. A sketch from Philip Thicknesse's book "Journey Through France and Spain," almost certainly drawn by Mrs. Ann Thicknesse, his third wife. Illustrations reproduced from the book "Dr. Viper"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Cassell and Company Ltd.



DR. VIPER'S THIRD WIFE: MISTRESS ANN FORD, AN ACCOMPLISHED AUTHORESS AND MUSICIAN OF SOME CONTEMPORARY FAME.

After a painting by Thomas Gainsborough. By kind permission of the Cincinnati Art Museum.

CHOSEN TO UNDERTAKE A DIFFICULT AND VITAL TASK:
GENERAL TEMPLER, HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR MALAYA.

GENERAL SIR GERALD TEMPLER'S WIFE AND CHILDREN: LADY TEMPLER WITH JANE, AGED EIGHTEEN, HOLDING THE FAMILY DOG; AND MILES, AGED SIX.



ARRIVING AT LONDON AIRPORT FROM NEW YORK WITH MR. EDEN: GENERAL TEMPLER (RIGHT), THE NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR MALAYA, WHO WAS SUMMONED TO OTTAWA FOR CONSULTATIONS WITH MR. CHURCHILL.



AT THE COLONIAL OFFICE SHORTLY AFTER HIS RETURN FROM NEW YORK: GENERAL TEMPLER WITH MR. OLIVER LYTTELTON (LEFT), THE COLONIAL SECRETARY.

It was announced on January 15 that the King had approved the appointment of General Sir Gerald Walter Templer to be High Commissioner for the Federation of Malaya. The High Commissioner, in addition to the normal civil responsibilities of his office, will direct all military and police operations, and is being charged with full and direct responsibility for them. General Sir Gerald Templer, who is a fine soldier and an able administrator, has been G.O.C.-in-C. Eastern Command in this country since February, 1950. Born in 1898, he was commissioned in the Royal Irish Fusiliers in 1916. In the course of World War II,



PREPARING TO GO OUT TO MALAYA TO TAKE UP HIS APPOINTMENT AS HIGH COMMISSIONER: GENERAL SIR GERALD TEMPLER WORKING AT THE COLONIAL OFFICE.

he commanded three different infantry divisions, an armoured division and an army corps. In 1942, at the age of forty-four, he was the youngest acting-Lieut.-General in the Army, but in the following year he stepped down to Major-General in order to gain experience in command of a division in the field. In 1945 he became Director of Military Government, 21 Army Group, in Germany. His subsequent appointments before going to the Eastern Command were those of Director of Military Intelligence, War Office, and Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff. Lady Templer and their two children are to accompany him to Malaya.

EVENTS in Burma are not taking a prominent part in the news to-day. The paucity of information about them and of comment on them is not a reflection of their insignificance so much as the result of the overshadowing interest of other countries of South-East Asia, in particular Indo-China and Malaya. Even Siam, with its uneasy constitution, has from time to time been depicted in more spectacular form. Yet Burma is passing through strange and troubled times and is the centre of what has been described as the "power vacuum" of the Far East. This power vacuum Communism is making strenuous efforts to fill. It has been created in great part by the hostility between India and Pakistan—neither of which was represented at the Staff conversations on South-East Asia in Washington—and by the "neutralist" policy of Mr. Nehru, which he is never likely to change, even though some of his leading supporters are doubtful about it and consider that it has been carried too far. The representatives of the United States, the United Kingdom and France in the Washington talks have had subjects more important than that of Burma to discuss, but they must have considered it also. The loss of General de Lattre at the moment the talks began was damaging not only to France but also to her allies, just as it was saddening to many of us personally.

Burma, though an independent State, remains in fairly close relations with this country. It is a century and a quarter since certain of its provinces became British possessions, and it regained its independence only at the end of the Second World War. Some of those who know the country best still believe that, but for clumsiness on our part, Burma would to-day be a member of the British Commonwealth. Whether or not this speculation is well founded, it must be owned that Burma would have presented a considerable responsibility in such a situation. Since the war a military mission, in which all three Services are represented but the Army takes the biggest part, has been put at the disposal of the Burmese Government. Useful aid was given in setting up a War Office, in addition to which advisory officers were allotted to the Burmese Army, with which they still remain. Burmese cadets have received their military education at Sandhurst and at Cranwell and have proved themselves intelligent and quick-minded. It may be that Burmans now believe their Army to have made rather more progress than we are prepared to confirm, but in some respects they are likely to know their own needs best.

Burma is being subjected to a Communist penetration such as all eastern nations—and several European also—which have not straightened out the confusion caused by the war and which exhibit some tempting weaknesses have to face. Before I deal with this trouble, however, I must mention visitors who are not Communist but are not on that account welcome. A so-called "Nationalist" Chinese Army—that is, adhering to the Government established in Formosa—has taken refuge in Burma, close to the frontier with the Chinese Communist province of Yunnan and therefore not far from the frontiers of Indo-China and Siam. Chinese armies are small, and I am disinclined to credit the strength attributed to this in a few brief and speculative news cables, just as I do not believe the tale that the United States is building it up for the purpose of invading China. What is undeniable, however, is that it did set off last year across the frontier. Moreover, such information as came in about it suggests that its invasion prospered to begin with. Later on the Communists concentrated against it and threw it out. Now it is again on the hands of Burma.

It appears that the Burmese Government, growing tired of the situation, made preparations for sending an expedition against the Chinese Nationalists, but afterwards changed its mind. Here again those with an anti-American bias have seen the hand of the State Department and the policy of protecting Chiang's men, wherever they may be. If the subject was mentioned by an outside Power, it is more likely to have been brought up by Britain than by the United States and not likely to have been Machiavellian. Common sense suggests that an approach, if any, would have followed lines such as these:

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE VICISSITUDES OF BURMA.

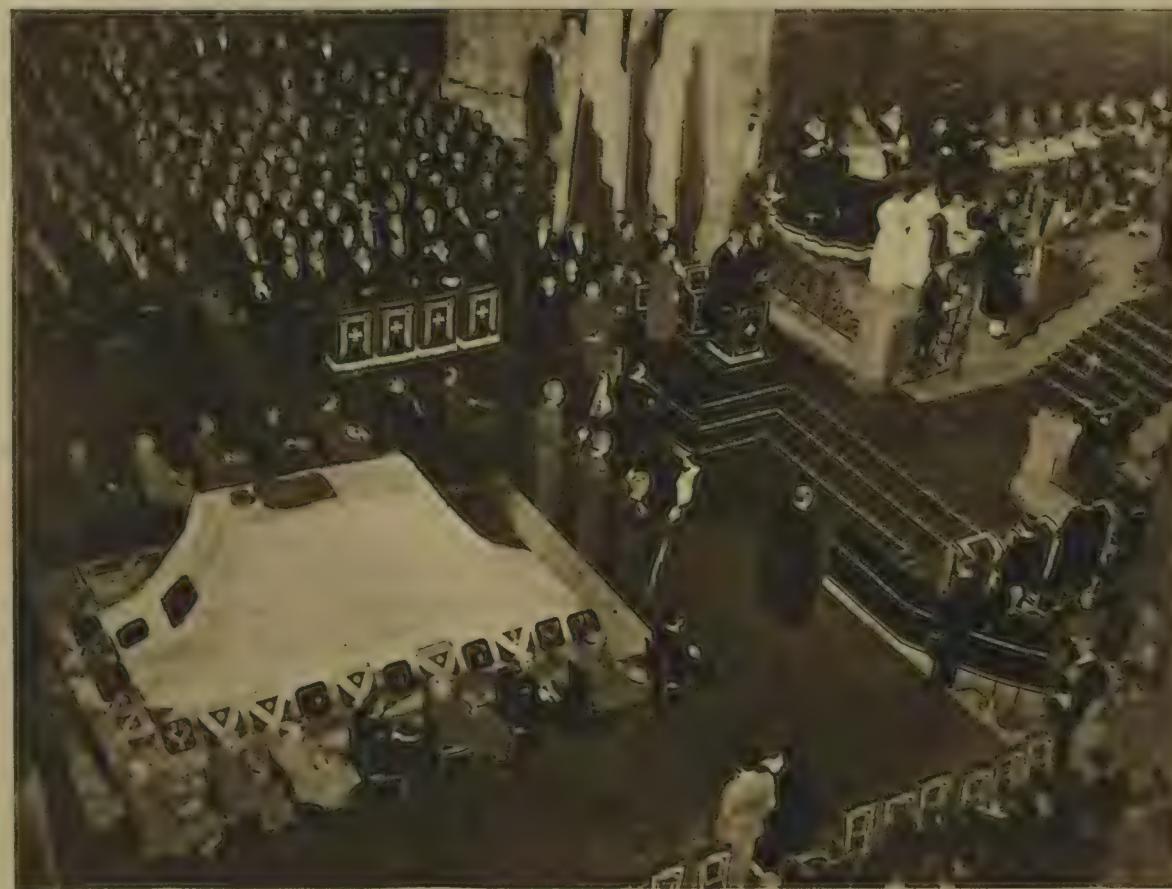
By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

"While we have no intention of interfering in your affairs, we suggest that you should give careful attention to the question whether you would be serving your highest interests in diverting strength against a force which, however much you may resent its presence on your soil, has no designs against your country, at a time when all and more than all the strength at your disposal is scarcely enough to defend it against foes eager to disrupt and ruin it." This message is entirely imaginary, but it would be reasonable and, to my mind, more likely than the sinister threats of which we have heard in whispers.

Burma has such foes to deal with, and they are firmly established in the heart of the country. Their numbers must be a matter of guess-work but are certainly considerable. Their leaders have been trained in Chinese territory. And they have undoubtedly held their own. Everybody is by now aware of what has been going on in Malaya, but Malaya is a small country by comparison with Burma. Moreover, while there is no particular tradition of lawlessness in Malaya, dacoity, more or less the equivalent of highway robbery by bands, has long flourished in Burma. And while in Malaya the only serious racial problem

THE STATE FUNERAL OF A GREAT FRENCH SOLDIER.



THE REQUIEM MASS IN NOTRE-DAME FOR GENERAL DE LATTRE DE TASSIGNY ON JANUARY 16: A VIEW SHOWING THE COFFIN, FLANKED WITH HIS DECORATIONS AND BEARING HIS CAP AND TUNIC AND HIS MARSHAL'S BÂTON. HIS WIDOW IS STANDING IN THE FOREGROUND, AND M. AURIOL, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC, IS IN THE BACKGROUND (RIGHT).

The coffin containing the remains of Marshal de Lattre de Tassigny, draped with the Tricolor, was conveyed to the Cathedral of Notre-Dame on January 15, after M. Auriol, the President, had posthumously conferred the rank of Marshal of France at a ceremony at the Arc de Triomphe. On the following day the State funeral took place. Red, blue and white floodlights were trained on the catafalque, round which were ranged the Marshal's many decorations, while the Bâton reposed on a deep-red cushion at the rear, and his khaki cap, bearing the seven stars of a Marshal of France, and his tunic lay on the top of the coffin. The pall-bearers, who included General Eisenhower and Field Marshal Lord Montgomery, were stationed on either side of the coffin, together with the officers who had carried the Marshal's decorations on velvet cushions. President Auriol was met at the door by the Archbishop of Paris, who pronounced the Absolution. The Requiem sung at this solemn and splendid service was that composed for the funerals of Kings of France.

is the presence of large numbers of unruly Chinese squatters, ready-made Communist material, in Burma there exist a number of communities of non-Burman nationality, some of which take advantage of the situation in the same way as the Communists, while some may be converted to Communism. Ever since the war, if not before it, the virile Karen have shown impatience with Burmese administration and appreciate it less now that the British are gone than was the case when they were present.

The methods of the Communists in Malaya and Burma are very similar, and so are their aims. The latter, indeed, belong to a regular Communist pattern. They strive to establish absolute control over small areas and gradually to widen these until they touch others. The next aim is the establishment of whole States in which Communist rule is all-powerful, even though the lawful Government may refuse to acknowledge that control has slipped from its hands. The final aim is a Communist Burma, just as it is a Communist Malaya. But the Communists appreciate the importance of that difference between Burma and Malaya to which I have alluded, the vast territories inhabited by non-Burman, often anti-Burman, and primitive races. They have paid particular attention to these peoples, and it is among them that they hope to be able to establish their first Communist communities. The material may not be as promising as that of the Chinese squatters in Malaya, but

grievances can always be exploited to good effect by agitators and the creed need not be presented in the same form to the Shan States or in the Chin Hills, as in the industrial southern suburbs of Paris or even in Kuala Lumpur.

Communism promises good terms to everybody, but its cheques not seldom bounce back marked "return to drawer." Lenin stated categorically that,

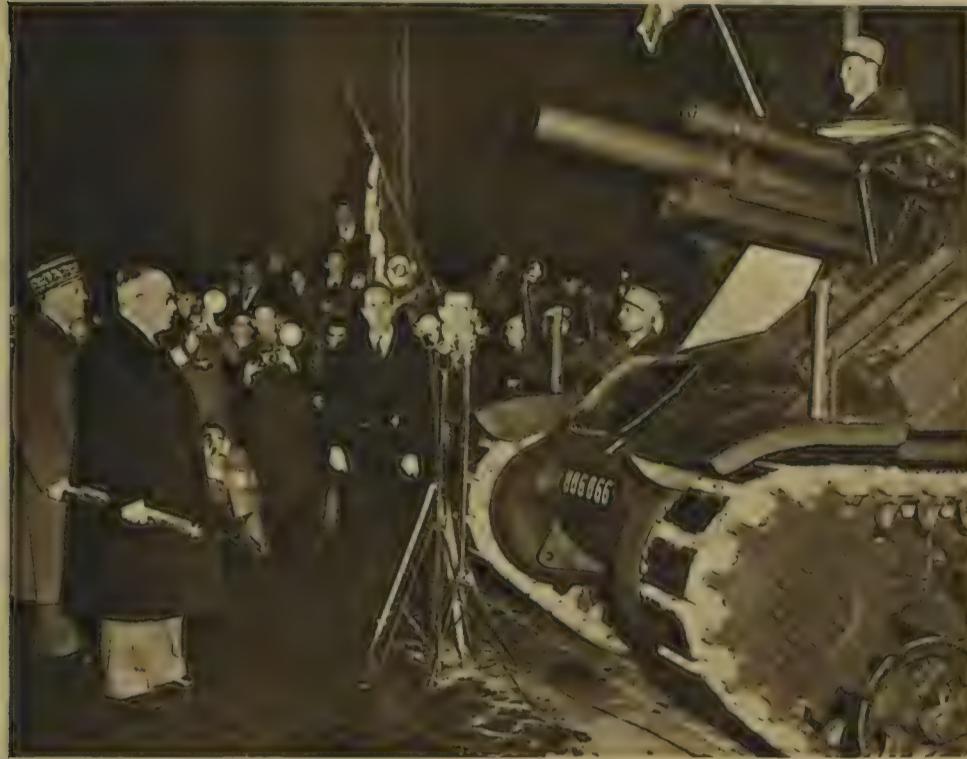
while he himself was a believer in collective farming, the Russian peasantry would never be forced to accept it unwillingly; if they could not be persuaded of its benefits they would be allowed to remain as they were. It must be said that he himself did not break the promise, and that it was broken under the threat of war with Germany; yet broken it was. After the war the French peasantry were wooed by the Communists, who encouraged them to demand ever higher prices, the principle of State ownership of land being discreetly pushed into the background so long as the courtship was in progress. Yet it would be, I do not say unfair, but certainly unwise, not to recognise that in most Asiatic countries Communism can make a greater appeal than in Europe. For people like the Chinese, for example, it has meant the first administration run without deep corruption, the first disciplined army prepared to fight with all its heart, a rapidity in seeking out abuses never before experienced, advances in hygiene, agriculture and public services. Western Europe possesses benefits and a material civilisation incomparably better than anything Communism can promise, but in Asia Communism can point to something positive achieved in that field.

The attitude of the average Burman to the confusion, the fall in rice production, the curtailment of trade, and other ills differs from that of the average European and even from that of the Asiatic in most countries. He is an easy-going man who takes things as he finds them. An armed attack on Twickenham would alarm even the philosophical Londoner, but an equivalent affair apparently does not stir the pulse of Rangoon. Such an outlook cuts both ways in the war of ideologies. It renders resistance to penetration less determined, but at the same time suggests that conversion to Communism would not be an easy task. We must not suppose, however, that it would be impossible. With the aid of Chinese troops it could be carried out quickly enough, and in none of the lands threatened by Communist China would this be easier. The Burmese Army appears to be loyal, but rather to its commander-in-chief than to the Government. In much the same sense as that in which Chinese forces were formerly the private armies of the war lords who directed them—and might be again, despite Communism—the Burmese Army is politically, as well as militarily, at his disposal. Such a system may work, but it must be subject to the risk that in times like the present others besides

the commander-in-chief will establish private armies, and perhaps not only the Communists. Besides, commanders-in-chief are not immortal. One can never predict the line which successors may follow in such circumstances.

One factor in the situation which must have been clear to those taking part in the Staff talks in Washington is that, however geographical barriers may tend to isolate the countries of South-East Asia, their problems cannot be isolated politically or strategically. The chief connecting link is Communist China; even in Malaya, where there is no proof of Chinese control from outside, revolt is in the hands of Chinese settlers, the native inhabitants of the country playing only a trifling part in it, and that for the most part under Chinese compulsion. The possibility has to be borne in mind that such demands might be made upon the strength of the Western Powers in Asia as would hopelessly cripple them in their attempt to provide for the defence of Europe. The internal affairs of South-East Asia are important enough in themselves. Peace and prosperity within it are needed for the well-being of the world. Yet the most serious and immediate danger proceeding from that region is of another nature. It is that South-East Asia should become a diversion, a lure to European defensive strength, to an extent even greater than it is already. That aspect must have been ever before the eyes of those who have been meeting round a table in Washington.

ALL PARIS MOURNS MARSHAL DE LATTRE DE TASSIGNY:
HOMAGE AND FAREWELL BY FRANCE AND HER ALLIES.



AT THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE : THE PRESIDENT ABOUT TO LAY THE MARSHAL'S BÂTON ON THE SELF-PROPELLED GUN-CARRIER BEARING THE COFFIN OF GENERAL DE LATTRE DE TASSIGNY.

HOMAGE was paid in Paris in a series of solemn ceremonies, in which five allied nations were associated, by France and the French Union, to Marshal de Lattre de Tassigny, formerly French High Commissioner and C.-in-C. in Indo-China, who died on January 11. On January 13 his body was taken to the Church of the Invalides, where it lay in state on January 14. During the day the British Military Attaché in Paris presented posthumously the insignia of a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. On January 15 the French Parliament voted a Bill conferring on the General the posthumous dignity of Marshal of France, and that evening the President laid the bâton on the coffin, which had been conveyed to the Arc de Triomphe. The Requiem Mass was sung in Notre-Dame on January 16, and the cortège proceeded to the Invalides for the farewell march-past of French and Allied units. On the following day the Marshal was taken to his birthplace in the Vendée for interment in the family vault.



BORNE ON A CUSHION IN THE FUNERAL CORTÈGE: MARSHAL DE LATTRE DE TASSIGNY'S BÂTON, 18 INS. LONG, COVERED IN ROYAL BLUE VELVET WITH 20 GOLD STARS, INSIGNIA OF HIS POSTHUMOUS DIGNITY.



THE STATE FUNERAL ON JANUARY 16: THE CORTÈGE PASSING DOWN THE RUE DE RIVOLI; THE COFFIN ON A GUN-CARRIAGE OF THE FAMOUS FRENCH "75."



PASSING A DETACHMENT OF SPAHIS (BACKGROUND): THE GUN-CARRIER WHICH BORE THE COFFIN TO THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE, WHERE THE RANK OF MARSHAL WAS CONFERRED.



WALKING IN THE FUNERAL CORTÈGE: GENERAL EISENHOWER AND FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY, WHO ACTED AS TWO OF THE PALL-BEARERS.

THE ALSATIAN VIES WITH THE ST. BERNARD: A NEW SWISS RESCUE DOG.



DOGS AND THEIR MASTERS: TWENTY-SEVEN SWISS ARMY DOGS WITH THEIR TRAINERS, MEMBERS OF THE SWISS FRONTIER GUARD, AT ANDERMATT, IN CENTRAL SWITZERLAND.



PATIENTLY AWAITING THEIR MASTERS' COMMANDS: DOGS WHO LEARN IN ONLY TWO DAYS' TRAINING TO FIND A MAN BURIED AT LEAST 12 FT. DEEP.



THE SEARCH BEGINS: NEITHER DOG NOR OWNER KNOWS WHERE THE MAN IS BURIED.



THE DOG HAS LOCATED THE MAN: BOTH ALSATIAN AND OWNER START DIGGING.



DIGGING FURIOUSLY: THE ALSATIAN REMOVING THE DEEP SNOW HIDING THE BURIED MAN.



GETTING NEAR THE BURIED MAN: THE DOG, ASSISTED BY HIS MASTER, CONTINUES TO DIG.



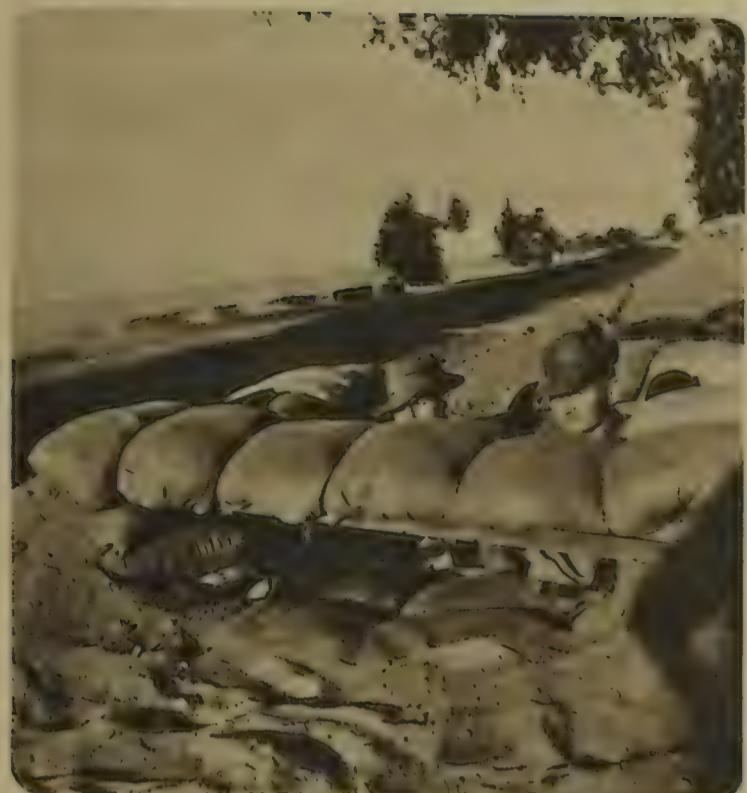
AN EXCITING MOMENT FOR DOG AND MAN: THE BURIED "VICTIM" IS REACHED.



SUCCESS: THE "VICTIM" IS RESCUED AND THE DOG IS PRAISED AND THANKED.

After the post-war avalanche disasters in Switzerland, it was decided to train Army dogs in avalanche rescue work. Normally these dogs assist the Swiss Frontier Guard, and they are particularly trained to catch smugglers. Before the training starts each dog is assigned to one man, who has the dog to live with him, trains him, and is, in fact, his master. At the New Year, twenty-seven of these dogs were being trained at Andermatt, in Central Switzerland. The actual avalanche training lasted only two days, after which all the dogs (almost exclusively Alsatians) could find a man buried at least 12 ft. deep in the snow. (For convenience the "victim" shown in our photographs was not buried so deeply.)

For the exercise an area of deep snow has to be found, and its surface broken up, to give the appearance of an avalanche. The "victim" is then buried and left for fifteen minutes so that the dog can pick up his scent through the snow. After this, the dog and his master, neither of whom knows the whereabouts of the buried man, start to search for him. The owner first makes the dog cover the area systematically until he has picked up the scent. When the dog finds the right place, he begins to dig furiously, aided by his owner, who uses a shovel. When the "victim" has been uncovered, the dog, who appears as delighted as the rescued man, is praised. [Photographs by Hans Haemisegger.]



GUARDING THE APPROACHES TO ISMAILIA FROM CAIRO: BRITISH TROOPS. MR. CHURCHILL HAS POINTED OUT THAT SUEZ IS AN INTERNATIONAL RATHER THAN A BRITISH RESPONSIBILITY.

BEARING AN INTERNATIONAL RESPONSIBILITY: BRITISH TROOPS IN THE SUEZ CANAL ZONE.



ON THE BANKS OF A CANAL BESIDE THE CAIRO-ISMAILIA ROAD: A DETACHMENT OF CAMERON HIGHLANDERS WITH A MACHINE-GUN, AND (BACKGROUND) VEHICLES BEING CHECKED FOR ARMS.



ON THEIR WAY TO SEARCH A VILLAGE FOR SNIPERS: A DETACHMENT OF BRITISH TROOPS BEING FERRIED ACROSS THE SWEET-WATER CANAL IN THE ZONE.



A CHECK-POST ON THE CAIRO-ISMAILIA ROAD: A SEARCH FOR ARMS IN THE BOOT AND UNDER THE BONNET OF AN EGYPTIAN-OWNED CAR, BEING CARRIED OUT BY CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.



SEARCHING FOR ARMS AT A ROAD-BLOCK ON THE CAIRO-ISMAILIA ROAD NEAR TEL-EL-KEBIR: A CAMERON HIGHLANDER GOING THROUGH A LINE OF EGYPTIANS.

"We do not seek to be masters of Egypt. We are there only as servants of the commerce of the world," said Mr. Churchill, in his speech to Congress on January 17; and then pointed out that it would aid Britain greatly if token troops of the other Powers in the proposed Middle East Defence Pact—the United States, France and Turkey—could be stationed in the Suez Canal Zone. Conditions in the area remain disturbed and dangerous. On January 16 an operation was carried out intended to catch guerrillas who have been sniping at troops for months past in the region of



A CHECK-POINT AT FAYID, IN THE CANAL ZONE: ARMED TROOPS STOP ALL VEHICLES AND SEARCH THEM FOR CONCEALED ARMS, BEFORE ALLOWING THEM TO CONTINUE.

Tel-el-Kebir, the site of a great British ordnance dépôt. Tel-el-Kebir South was cordoned off, and together with the adjacent village of El Hammadah, was searched. Arms and ammunition were seized and 170 armed Egyptian police, who included their chief Inspector-General Raouf, were taken prisoners. On January 18, a further terrorist attempt to break into the British ordnance dépôt was reported. Our photographs give an excellent idea of the difficult conditions in the Zone and illustrate the system of check points on the Cairo-Ismailia road.

EGYPT'S YOUTH TAKE UP ARMS IN AN
UNWORTHY STRUGGLE: TRAINING THE
NATIONAL LIBERATION ARMY.



WHERE "COLLEGE COMMANDOS" ARE ENLISTED AND TRAINED: AN ENCAMPMENT IN THE GROUNDS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF FUAD I. IN CAIRO.



[ABOVE] SHOWING MEMBERS OF A "LIBERATION BATTALION" WEARING CAMOUFLAGE BATTLE "UNIFORMS"; THE COFFIN OF A STUDENT FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF FUAD I. WHICH WAS PARADED THROUGH A RAILWAY STREET.



[ABOVE] MEMBERS OF A "LIBERATION BATTALION" UNDER INSTRUCTION: STUDENTS LEARNING HOW TO MAKE BOMBS IN THE CANAL ZONE.



ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WIRE: EGYPTIAN STUDENTS UNDER INSTRUCTION AS COMMANDOS.



RETIRING BEHIND A SMOKE-SCREEN AFTER AN ABORTIVE ATTACK ON THE ORDNANCE DEPOT AT TEL-EL-KEBIR: EGYPTIAN COMMANDOS IN THEIR FIRST LARGE-SCALE ACTION.



ADVANCING TO ATTACK THE ORDNANCE DEPOT AT TEL-EL-KEBIR: THE FIRST MAJOR ACTION IN THE CANAL ZONE, IN WHICH



EGYPTIAN COMMANDOS TAKING COVER IN ROUGH COUNTRY DURING TWELVE WERE KILLED AND MANY WERE TAKEN PRISONER.



SABOTAGE ON THE RAILWAY: AN OIL TANKER DERAILED BY EGYPTIAN COMMANDOS AT TEL-EL-KEBIR, WHERE A MAJOR ACTION WAS FOUGHT ON JANUARY 26.



ARMED WITH A BRITISH RIFLE AND MAKING USE OF NATURAL COVER: AN EGYPTIAN COMMANDO SNIPING AT TRAFFIC IN THE CANAL ZONE.



EGYPTIAN COMMANDOS UNDER TRAINING: TWO STUDENTS, ARMED WITH A SWORD AND A RIFLE RESPECTIVELY, LEARNING HOW TO WRIGGLE THROUGH BARBED-WIRE.



THE IMAGE OF WAR: A YOUNG EGYPTIAN, ARMED WITH AN ORANGE, PRACTISING GRENADE-THROWING BEFORE BEING SENT TO FACE THE 1ST GUARDS BRIGADE AT TEL-EL-KEBIR.



"... A RIFLE IS CALLED A RIFLE BECAUSE ITS RIFLED": ARMS INSTRUCTION FOR STUDENTS AT THE FUAD I. UNIVERSITY IN CAIRO.

ON January 12 the Egyptian National Liberation Army fought its first major action with British troops in the Canal Zone. About 100 "commandos"—many of them students from the universities in Cairo and Alexandria—were engaged by force companies of the 1st Guards, with tank support and heavy ground support flanking. Twelve were killed, fifteen were wounded and some forty taken prisoner. A sergeant of the Coldstream Guards was killed and two soldiers of the Cameron Highlanders were wounded. Some of the Egyptian commandos were armed with rifles or Sten guns and wore American-style beret-style hats, and badges depicting a flaming torch. On these pages we show members of the National Liberation Army under training, one of the centres for recruitment being the University of Fuad I. in Cairo,

which was founded as a private institution in 1908 and was taken over by the Government in 1925. The University of Cairo in Alexandria was founded by the Government in 1943 at a time when British arms were imported from Germany, and has also provided misguided and fanatical young men to support their Government's action in abrogating the 1936 Anglo-Egyptian Treaty by which British troops are maintained in the Canal Zone. The objective in the National Liberation Army is to attack the ordnance depot at Tel-el-Kebir, which is regularly shelled at the night and is protected by searchlights and machine-guns per round the perimeter. Tel-el-Kebir is the nearest British garrison to Cairo and it is easy for the commandos to slip away before dawn across the "Erskine Line."



THE LARGE GAMES ROOM IN THE CROWN AND MANOR CLUB, THE HOXTON BOYS' CLUB, WHICH CELEBRATED ITS SILVER JUBILEE LAST YEAR. BILLIARDS AND TABLE TENNIS ARE VERY POPULAR AND, AS CAN BE SEEN IN THE DRAWING, THERE IS A CANTEEN FOR TEA, BUNS AND SOFT DRINKS.



ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL HAS MANY KEEN FOLLOWERS AT THE CROWN AND MANOR CLUB; AND IN ORDER THAT PRACTICE CAN BE CARRIED ON IN THE SHORT WINTER DAYLIGHT, FLOODLIGHTING HAS BEEN PROVIDED IN THE PLAYGROUND AND "FOOTBALL AFTER DARK" IS MUCH PLAYED.



BOXING HAS ALWAYS BEEN A FAVOURITE BOYS' CLUB SPORT AND THE CROWN AND MANOR CLUB HAS A LARGE AND WELL-EQUIPPED GYMNASIUM. THIS, AS OUR DRAWING HINTS, IS ALSO USED AS A THEATRE AND A PARTIALLY-SET STAGE CAN BE CLEARLY SEEN IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND.

"HELPING THE LONDON BOY TO MAKE HIMSELF INTO A GOOD CITIZEN": FROM ART

Elsewhere in this issue we mention that the proceeds from the sale of the catalogues at the "Exhibition of Old Master Drawings" from the collection of Sir Bruce S. Ingham at Colnaghi's, 14, Old Bond Street, are to be given to the London Federation of Boys' Clubs. And here and on page 134 we show in drawings and photographs some of the activities at the Crown and Manor Club, Hoxton, a notable but typical London boys' club. As Field Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, President of the London Federation, says in a foreword to the catalogue: "Our object can be stated very simply—it is to help the London boy to make himself into a good citizen of this country . . . to stimulate his physical, mental and

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY HAROLD W. HAILESTONE



THE WEEKLY ART CLASS AT THE CROWN AND MANOR CLUB. ORIGINALITY, ENTERPRISE AND SELF-EXPRESSION IN PENCIL AND PAINT ARE ENCOURAGED. THE BOY IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND WAS MAKING A DRAWING OF THE LAST HOURS OF THE FLYING ENTERPRISE.

CLASS TO FLOODLIT FOOTBALL—A TYPICAL EVENING AT A HOXTON BOYS' CLUB.

spiritual development We think that anything which will assist us to achieve our object is worth doing, and we will be correspondingly grateful for any help you can give us, either personally by lending a hand in our clubs, or, if you cannot do this, by giving what you can." The London Federation is a part of the National Association of Boys' Clubs (which came into being in 1925). Our readers may remember a series of drawings of St. Pierre's the N.A.B.C.'s training college for club leaders which appeared in our issue of December 29, 1951. Boys' clubs are, of course, not a new idea. They started nearly 100 years ago in cities such as London, Manchester and Liverpool, because a small group of far-sighted, enthusiastic men wanted to provide better conditions for the thousands of boys who lived in poor surroundings. Beginning in a humble way, often in small and barely-equipped premises, these clubs did excellent work and brought hope into the lives of their members; but as time passed it was felt that there ought to be a central organisation so that the clubs could be brought together more closely and in a way that would help them. As a result the National Association of Boys' Clubs was founded in 1925, with His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester as its first president. Since 1933 the N.A.B.C. has followed a policy of decentralisation so that individual clubs could receive more personal attention than was possible through contact only with the central organisation. This has been achieved through the formation of county associations of clubs to act as an extra link. These associations now represent approximately three-quarters of the population of all the counties in the present time there are twenty-three of them. In England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland there are their own local associations, and in various cities and towns there are councils and federations. Although material benefits help to improve the standard of club work, they are not the main purpose of the N.A.B.C., whose first task is to maintain the spirit and tradition of the movement itself.



THE CROWN AND MANOR BOYS' CLUB IN HOXTON HAS A MINIATURE RIFLE RANGE IN ITS ATTIC, AND HERE MR. J. DOYLE IS INSTRUCTING TWO OF THE BOYS.



BOXING INSTRUCTION IN PROGRESS: THE INSTRUCTOR, MR. C. SYMER, WATCHES A BOUT CLOSELY, WHILE THE REST OF THE CLASS FOLLOW WITH KEEN ATTENTION.



IN THE CLUB'S LIBRARY, NELSON AND THE MAN IN THE GOLDEN HELMET LOOK DOWN ON CLUB MEMBERS READING BOOKS AND PAPERS, WRITING LETTERS, AND PLAYING CHESS AND DRAUGHTS.

THESE photographs, like the drawings on the previous two pages, are of activities at the Crown and Manor Club, Hoxton, one of the best-known of London Boys' Clubs, and were specially taken for *The Illustrated London News*. Last year the Crown Club celebrated its Silver Jubilee; it became the Crown and Manor Club by amalgamation with the Hoxton Manor Club after the outbreak of the last war; and in 1937 it was adopted by the Winchester College Mission Committee as a part of the Mission. The present premises are those of the Hoxton Manor Club, which has been described as "undoubtedly the finest Club building in London." Its manager is Mr. Jimmy Doyle, who appears in some of the photographs; and the activities are innumerable—our drawings and photographs hint at a few of them only. Football, cricket, boxing and swimming are entirely managed and coached by Old Boy volunteers, and Old Boys, too, give valuable help in discussions, gymnastics and rifle-shooting.



THE CLUB RUNS ITS OWN MAGAZINE; AND HERE THE EDITOR (CENTRE) AND ASSISTANT EDITOR DISCUSS THE NEXT ISSUE WITH MR. DOYLE AT THE DUPLICATOR.



ACTIVE GAMES ARE PLAYED IN THE LARGE GAMES ROOM, BUT GAMES LIKE CHESS AND DRAUGHTS, REQUIRING QUIET AND CONCENTRATION, ARE PLAYED IN THE LIBRARY, AS SHOWN.

"HEROISM BEYOND PRAISE"—PRIVATE SPEAKMAN RECEIVES HIS V.C. IN KOREA.



NEWLY DECORATED WITH THE RIBBON OF THE VICTORIA CROSS, THE 6 FT. 6 IN. PRIVATE SPEAKMAN OF THE BLACK WATCH STANDS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PARADE OF HIS COMRADES OF THE KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS, WHILE THE DIVISIONAL COMMANDER, MAJOR-GENERAL CASSELS (LEFT), ADDRESSES THEM



AFTER THE CEREMONY OF THE DECORATION: PRIVATE SPEAKMAN, WITH THE RIBBON OF THE VICTORIA CROSS ON HIS BREAST.

As reported in our issue of January 5, the Victoria Cross was awarded on December 28 to Private Speakman of The Black Watch, attached to the 1st Battalion, The King's Own Scottish Borderers, for his heroism and "outstanding powers of leadership" in an action against the Chinese in Korea on November 4, the "Gunpowder Plot Battle." At the time of the award Private Speakman was at a base hospital at Kure, in Japan, recovering from the wounds received in the battle. He was flown to Korea and on December 30, at a parade behind the western Korean front, the dark red ribbon of the Victoria Cross was pinned



PRIVATE SPEAKMAN, V.C., RECEIVING THE CONGRATULATIONS OF HIS COMRADES AFTER THE PARADE IN KOREA AT WHICH HE RECEIVED THE AWARD FROM THE HANDS OF HIS DIVISIONAL COMMANDER.

on his breast by the Commander of the 1st Commonwealth Division, Major-General A. J. H. Cassels. The parade, among the snow-covered hills, was attended by fifty men of "B" Coy. of the K.O.S.B., the remnant left from the "Gunpowder Plot Battle," and representatives of other companies and units. Pipers of the Borderers played Black Watch tunes, General Cassels congratulated the new V.C.; and after the parade his Company Commander, Major Harrison, D.S.O., said: "He did far more than can be put on paper. Everything needing to be done in an emergency he did, showing tremendous initiative."



A LOAN EXHIBITION of Old Master Drawings from the collection of Sir Bruce Ingram is to be seen now at Colnaghi's. All collections have a beginning, and this one started more than half-a-century ago with the purchase of a "Skating Scene" by Rowlandson. I don't know what is the score to-day—it is possible that the owner does not know



"A SOLDIER ON HORSEBACK"; BY HENDRICK AVERCAMP (1585-AFTER 1663). Pen and water-colour over black chalk. 41 by 31 ins.

One of an important group of Avercamp drawings on view at Colnaghi's Old Bond Street Galleries in the Loan Exhibition of Old Master Drawings from the Collection of Sir Bruce Ingram, O.B.E., M.C., which was due to open on January 22 and will continue until February 12.

himself, and might not be interested—but I would wager that he could provide several similar displays without denuding his house. Here are ninety-five to bear witness to an absorbing passion which has been the delight of a lifetime.

When I first met Sir Bruce—and that was not yesterday—his main interest was in Maritime Art; he was already an acknowledged authority, and I dare say many who read this will call to mind three other loan exhibitions of "Masters of Maritime Art" in the years before the war. Since then he has disembarked, as it were, and wandered along several broad highways, so that now the whole of the English School as well as others are represented. Those of us who are devotees of this kind of innocent pursuit rapidly acquire a set of preferences (which we endeavour not to manufacture into prejudices) in favour of this or that style or subject, so that, as we gradually learn our way about, we are liable to lose something of the freshness of judgment which provided us with so much pleasure at the beginning.

Here is a point of view which is not at all expert, but which I found illuminating. Some time ago I was looking over some excellent reproductions of drawings with an acquaintance, and out of several dozen he was enchanted by two especially: one was a study of trees by Poussin, the other a flimsy marvel of a similar subject by Cézanne. He couldn't say why they gave him such pleasure—he had no special passion for trees in nature, but these drawings appealed to him beyond all others. I showed him the illustrations to this catalogue and asked him which he would choose to live with, and without hesitation he picked out No. 42, a study of pine-trees and rocks by Roelant Savery (1576-1639); No. 46, a "Tree by a Bridge" by Anthonie Waterloo (c. 1610-1690); and No. 57, "Birch Trees," by Lucas van

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. A NOTABLE LOAN EXHIBITION.

By FRANK DAVIS.

Uden (1595-1672/3). You will say, perhaps, that my friend merely chooses any drawing containing a tree because, for some obscure reason, trees please him—but a splendid landscape by Gainsborough meant nothing to him, nor did a Francis Towne, nor a Cuyp nor a Van Goyen—all contained trees in multitude. Then I realised that to him trees were a proper subject for portraiture. He didn't want landscapes in which trees were inevitable accessories, or portraits of men or women: a tree or trees must be the main theme. Now, that is an unusual approach and refreshing. It has opened my eyes to all kinds of possibilities and proves once more that this sort of exhibition provides a great deal more than an opportunity for the learned to argue about attributions or for the not-so-learned to discover something about the history of art, it gives the art-ignorant, if I may invent the phrase, the chance of showing the rest of us just where we have missed the obvious. John Evelyn, I am sure, would like some new edition of his "Sylva, or a Discourse on Forest Trees" to be illustrated by these very drawings. Well, so much for that.

What about the show as a whole, and its range? It so happens that I saw these drawings some weeks ago, when they were scattered about the gallery ready for the photographer, so I may have missed a few. It occurred to me then that newcomers to such an exhibition would probably be surprised at the warmth and depth which can be given to small scraps of paper by the use of pen with a brown wash. An example is a view of the Ypres Tower at Rye by Van Dyck. How one wishes he had not devoted himself almost entirely to fashionable portraits, for in this, as in the other rare and beautiful drawings which have come down to us, he seems to anticipate first Gainsborough and then Corot! (There is a splendid series of Van Dyck sketches in the British Museum.) Another drawing which seems to look forward to nineteenth-century developments is by De Momper, who died only a few years before Van Dyck: this is a winter scene in which the effect of falling snow is given by a series of blue spots against a white

background. You will also be reminded that there are few things new under the sun by four drawings of Tangier, made in 1669 by Wenzel Hollar, who was born in what is now Czechoslovakia, came to England, and accompanied the expedition to Tangier as official artist. Eight of these extremely interesting topographical records are in the Ingram collection, sixteen others are in the British Museum.

Hendrick Avercamp (1585-after 1663) will be familiar to many as a painter in oils of delightful little pictures of country scenes, full of movement. His pen and water-colour sketches are equally accomplished and exceedingly rare. There are seven of them in this show, and they form a remarkable group, sensitive in colour and precise in definition. Richard Wilson's visit to Italy in the 1750's is represented by a fine landscape of the Vatican and its surroundings in his characteristic black chalk and stump on grey



"PORTRAIT OF JACK SHEPPARD THE HIGHWAYMAN IN PRISON"; BY SIR JAMES THORNHILL (1675-1734). Black chalk with a little white. 12 1/2 by 9 1/2 ins.

Jack Sheppard (1702-1724), the eighteenth-century highwayman who escaped from St. Giles's Roundhouse in April 1724, from New Prison on May 25, from the condemned hold on August 31, and from Newgate on September 16 in the same year, sat to Sir James Thornhill in prison for a portrait dated November 5, 1724. Thornhill's sketch, formerly in the Alfred Morrison and now in the Sir Bruce Ingram collection, was engraved in reverse by G. White. It is included in the current exhibition of Old Master Drawings from the Ingram Collection at Colnaghi's. Sheppard's amazing series of escapes were celebrated in the Press and on the stage, and he is the hero of Harrison Ainsworth's romance, "Jack Sheppard," while in "Night" Hogarth depicted his theft of silver spoons from the "Rummer" Tavern, Charing Cross.

He was hanged at Tyburn on November 16, 1724.



"A TREE BY A BRIDGE"; BY ANTHONIE WATERLOO (c. 1610-1690). Pen and water-colour. 13 1/2 by 11 1/2 ins.

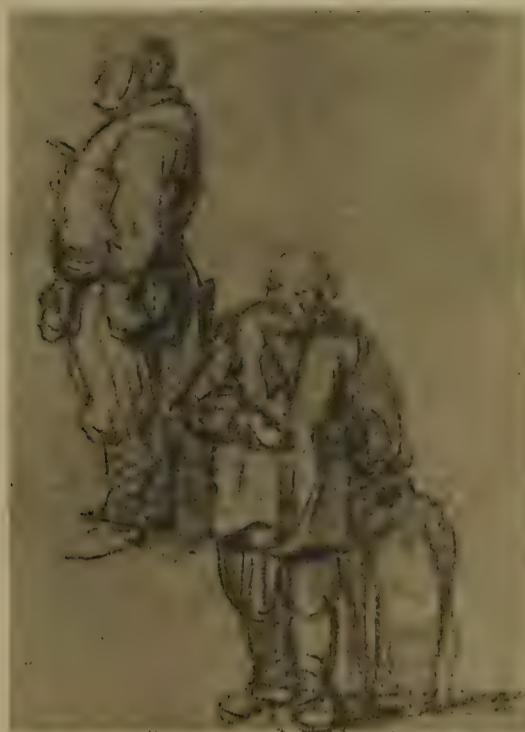
Anthonie Waterloo, painter and engraver, was born at Lille and seems to have spent his life between Amsterdam, Leeuwarden and Utrecht with occasional visits to his native city. This beautiful example of his water-colour drawing is included in the Loan Exhibition of Old Master Drawings from Sir Bruce Ingram's Collection, at Colnaghi's. All proceeds from the sale of the scholarly, beautifully-illustrated catalogue are being devoted to the London Federation of Boys' Clubs, Inc., and the President, Field Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, has contributed a foreword explaining the work of the organisation.

paper, heightened with white, and there is a beautiful Gainsborough of a River Scene. Some people don't like sturdy old George Stubbs as a painter in oils, and it is true enough I suppose that while his animals are admirably done and anatomically correct, he can be a trifle ham-fisted when he places them in a landscape—but he is a fine, meticulous draughtsman, and I can't imagine visitors registering anything but pleasure when they stand in front of a study of a lion in black and red chalks. Others will note that a horse looks like one thing to Abraham Bloemaert and quite another to Albert Cuyp.

Of the many English drawings other than landscapes, I must draw your attention particularly to a series by Sir James Thornhill, Hogarth's father-in-law, and a pencil and water-colour drawing by George Dance of a boy, which is traditionally identified as a portrait of Nelson.

The beautifully illustrated and scholarly catalogues of the exhibition have an introduction by Mr. A. P. Oppé, C.B., the distinguished art expert and author, and are, indeed, worth far more than the 3s. which is their price. The whole proceeds from the sale of these catalogues is being given to the London Federation of Boys' Clubs, Inc., and the President, Field Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, has contributed a foreword explaining the work of the organisation.

OLD MASTER DRAWINGS FROM A PRIVATE COLLECTION NOW ON VIEW.



"TWO FISHERMEN"; BY REMBRANDT VAN RIJN (1606-1669). A FINE DRAWING BY THE GREAT DUTCH ARTIST. Black chalk. 7½ by 5½ ins.



"A HORSE"; BY ABRAHAM BLOEMAERT (1564-1651). A DRAWING OF "SENTIMENT AND VIGOUR." Pen and water-colour. 4½ by 3½ ins.



"A HORSEMAN"; BY ALBERT CUYP (1620-1691). THE COMPANION DRAWING IS ALSO IN SIR BRUCE INGRAM'S COLLECTION. Black chalk. 7¾ by 6 ins.



"THE OLD OUSE BRIDGE AT YORK"; BY WILLIAM MARLOW (1740-1813), NOTABLE FOR HIS FINE TOPOGRAPHICAL LANDSCAPES. SIGNED LOWER LEFT. ON THE VERSO A SLIGHT PENCIL SKETCH OF A MILITARY ENCAMPMENT. Water-colour. 11 by 17½ ins.



"RHAIDDR DÛ, NORTH WALES"; BY FRANCIS TOWNE (1730 OR 40-1816). SIGNED AND DATED 1777, WITH AN INSCRIPTION BY THE ARTIST ON THE BACK. ON SEVERAL PIECES OF PAPER JOINED TOGETHER. Pen and water-colour. 14½ by 20½ ins.



"PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG LADY"; ENGLISH SCHOOL, LATE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. BRITISH MUSEUM PORTRAITS BY THE SAME HAND ARE ATTRIBUTED TO DAHL. Black, white and red chalks on brown paper. 10½ by 7½ ins.



"TWO STUDIES OF A PORCUPINE"; ATTR. TO G. F. BARBIERI, CALLED GUERCINO (1591-1666). FORMERLY IN THE EARL OF WARWICK'S COLLECTION. Pen and brown wash. 8½ by 4½ ins.



"A PORTRAIT OF A LADY"; BY SIR PETER LELY (1618-1680). FORMERLY IN THE COLLECTION OF MRS. CRAUFURD OF BLAIRHILL. Coloured chalks. 10½ by 7½ ins.

An important Loan Exhibition of Old Master Drawings from the collection of Sir Bruce Ingram was due to open at Colnaghi's Old Bond Street Galleries on January 22 and will continue until February 12. The selection covers the whole range, except for the French drawings, which have been reserved for another purpose. Mr. A. Paul Oppé contributes the introduction to the catalogue, all proceeds from the sale of which are being given to the London Federation of Boys' Clubs. The work of this organisation is explained in a short foreword to

the catalogue by its President, Field Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck. Mr. Oppé points out that this very personal collection contains many drawings of the first importance and that, in particular, the series by Avercamp "is unequalled in private hands, and that of Thornhill, with its unusual portrait, would be an adequate representation of the artist's work in any company." The Rembrandt drawing comes from the same source as the British Museum's "Seated Woman." Mr. Frank Davis deals with the exhibition in the article on our facing page.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

ARCTIC MAMMALS AND ANTARCTIC BIRDS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

TO the majority of us the polar regions come very near to being closed books. If it were not that we are called upon annually to endure the more or less inconvenience of wintry conditions, varying in intensity for those living in Northern Scotland and those resident in the South of England, we should have little basis in personal experience for assessing the rigours of polar conditions. We have even less by which to understand the wild life, but to some extent this has been rectified by two books published during last year. The first, "Wild Life Beyond the North," by Frank Illingworth (*Country Life*, Ltd.; 18s.), deals with the sub-Arctic; the other, "Wandering Albatross," by L. Harrison Matthews (MacGibbon and Kee; 15s.), is concerned with the sub-Antarctic.

It was after reading these two books that I turned to the atlas to look again at the maps of the polar regions. Now my purpose was to compare the geography of the two regions. I knew that Greenland, except for its southern tip, lay within the Arctic Circle, and that Iceland lay just to the south of it. It was a surprise, however, to realise that the northern third of Scandinavia, vast territories of the U.S.S.R., and a good deal of Alaska and Canada lay north of the Circle. So, the North Polar cap is ice-bound sea surrounded for most of the way by more or less ice-bound land. Yet much of this land is under human settlement, not only by Eskimos, but others that have migrated northwards from the reservoirs of humanity in Europe, Asia and North America. In Spitzbergen, for example, 800 miles north of the Circle, coal is mined. In several places railways and regular shipping routes cross the Circle northwards.

By contrast, the South Polar region is ice-bound land surrounded by more or less ice-bound sea. At a few points only, between 50 deg. and 140 deg. East longitude, does the Antarctic Circle cut across land



THE MOST VIOLENT CREATURE IN THE NORTH: A KILLER-WHALE SKIRTING SEA-ICE IN SEARCH OF A VICTIM AND DRIVEN FROM ONE DEVILRY TO ANOTHER BY AN INORDINATE APPETITE.

The killer-whale "is the scourge of every creature that frequents sea-ice. Vicious, powerful, cunning, cruel, armed with sharp and long teeth, and driven from one devilry to another by an inordinate appetite, the killer thrusts its long, sleek head from the water to see what happens to be lying on the ice, and then, diving, it comes up under the floes with smashing blows that crack the ice and send seal, bear, walrus, dog, fox or man sliding into the sea. There can be few more terrifying experiences than to be standing on the edge of a floe when the killer-whale's sleek head rises above the surface and then slips silently back into the dark water like the stern of a submarine plunging to its doom."

Reproduced from "Wild Life Beyond the North"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, "Country Life" Ltd.

putting northwards from the continent of Antarctica, but mainly to the northwards of its open ocean, with occasional islands, stretches over 2000 miles to the southern limit of Africa, and some 1600 miles to Australia and New Zealand. At one point only is there anything approaching a land-bridge: where Grahamland stretches out to meet the southern tip of South America.

The Arctic is surrounded by land occasionally breached by the sea; the Antarctic is surrounded by water dotted with occasional islands. Both are the homes of seals and whales, but apart from this, their faunas are, geographically and metaphorically, poles apart. This is driven home by the contents of the two books I have mentioned. The first has to tell of polar bears, musk-oxen, wolves, foxes, hares, dogs, caribou, reindeer, and the smaller terrestrial mammals, with some particularly interesting reading about lemmings. Very little space is given to birds. "Wandering

Albatross" is almost exclusively about sea-birds, albatrosses, petrels, shags, gulls, terns and penguins, scouring the oceans and nesting in dense colonies on the occasional islands. Briefly, therefore, it is the Arctic for mammals, the Antarctic for birds.

Illingworth writes as a journalist who, having once visited the Arctic, finds himself drawn there again and again. But he goes as a visitor. Much of

the slaughter among the ground-nesting birds, the penguins, albatrosses and the like might easily exceed the most pessimistic forecasts. The whole economy of the Antarctic land fauna has been adjusted to an absence of carnivorous predators. The fauna itself is concentrated on small islands. To introduce such predators would be to "put the cat among the pigeons" almost literally.

I have said that the author's presentation in "Wandering Albatross" is not always attractive, and if the truth be told, the first few pages are apt to discourage further reading. The same applies to some other pages in the book. Interpolated between first-class observations about the birds and their habits, valuable for their fund of purely zoological information, is a good deal of descriptive matter relating to those who work the whalers and the sealing vessels. Dr. Matthews does not spare his readers, and we are left in no doubt that conditions in the Antarctic, even north of the Antarctic Circle, as at South Georgia or South Orkneys, are tough, and that those who ply their trade there are tough and not unduly swayed by sentiment. They are interested in their own survival, and if raiding a rookery of albatrosses and departing with hundreds of eggs contributes to their comfort and well-being, then hundreds of eggs are lost. If the young birds, or the old birds, make good eating, who can blame the crews if they take them also?

Dr. Matthews has described for us the Antarctic as he found it—tough. One suspects that he is deliberately trying to avoid all appearance of sentiment towards the animals of which he writes. His book is valuable, however, if only

because it lays bare once again the truth that the preservation of natural resources in the Antarctic, as elsewhere, cannot be left entirely to those whose lot it is to wrest a living from that inhospitable region. Killing for food can be excused, but other excesses for immediate commercial exploitation that pay no heed to long-term needs cannot be condoned. A pattern of action has already been set in the Antarctic by the international agreements on whaling. Similar machinery at an international level could ensure the exclusion of predatory land animals, foxes, polar bears and the like, even if the ubiquitous rat cannot be kept out. After all, there is always the possibility that penguins, albatrosses and other sea-birds do play some useful rôle



TYPICAL OF THE GREAT WEALTH OF BIRD LIFE IN THE ANTARCTIC REGIONS: PART OF A FLOCK OF CAPE PIGEONS—A BIRD FAMILIAR TO SAILORS FOR MANY CENTURIES BUT WHOSE EGGS WERE UNKNOWN TO SCIENCE UNTIL 1904. Reproduced from "Wandering Albatross"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Reinhardt and Evans, and MacGibbon and Kee, Ltd.

what he writes he has seen for himself, but with it he has combined much information gathered at second hand, the whole being presented in an attractive and readable style which carries the reader on smoothly from chapter to chapter. Matthews, on the other hand, writes from several years' continuous experience in the Antarctic, doing a job of work, and confines himself almost exclusively to personal experiences and observations. His style is often as jumpy as the ships he sailed in, and his presentation is not always attractive. These differences are, however, not entirely due to the personalities of the authors, but rather epitomise the regions under discussion.

Comparatively speaking, the Antarctic birds have remained unmolested, but one has an uneasy feeling that this may not always be the case. Already rats are on South Georgia, where the petrels, nesting in burrows and unaccustomed to such predators, are likely to prove ready victims. The very absence of larger predatory mammals is itself a menace once the rats are loose. On the other hand, to introduce enemies of the rat might be a fatal error, as experience in other parts of the world has already shown. Yet every now and then someone has the bright idea of introducing Arctic foxes into South Georgia or some other point in the southern polar region, to farm them for their pelts. There is no harm in farming foxes, but once a few have escaped and their progeny have multiplied, the damage in a land where the birds all nest on the ground would be incalculable.

It may seem early to be showing concern over the future of the Antarctic fauna, but it is precisely when a new territory is in the early stages of human settlement and exploitation that irreparable damage is done, and regretted later. We have but to look at the more recent history of the African continent to find sufficient examples of this. And it need not necessarily stop at rats and foxes. Supposing a scheme were mooted for settling polar bears in the Antarctic. There are more unlikely things. They are valuable for both flesh and pelts, and merely because such a scheme is, on the face of it, impracticable it does not follow that it would not be tried. Should a large predator such as this become successfully established,



A DAINTY CREATURE WHOSE FEARLESSNESS AND FOOLISHNESS TOO OFTEN COST ITS LIFE: THE WHITE HARE, WHICH IS CIRCUM-POLAR AND MAY BE TAKEN AS AN EXAMPLE OF THE RICH MAMMALIAN FAUNA OF THE ARCTIC. Reproduced from "Wild Life Beyond the North"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, "Country Life" Ltd.

in the economy of the Southern Ocean, and that their loss or drastic reduction in numbers might be catastrophic in quite unsuspected directions. Though the Arctic and Antarctic may appear to be remote, what I have said shows that any interference with the polar regions may have results affecting us all.

The books I have mentioned here provide a picture for the layman which will assist him to appreciate the problem.



LIVING SPECIMENS OF THE LARGEST BEETLES IN THE WORLD: *GOLIATHUS-GOLIATHUS* IN THE VIVARIUM OF THE "JARDIN DES PLANTES" IN PARIS.



GIANT BEETLES FROM THE FORESTS OF THE CAMEROONS: A MALE (RIGHT) AND A FEMALE (LEFT) WHICH WERE COLLECTED FOR A FRENCH MISSIONARY BY PYGMIES.



THE FEMALE *GOLIATHUS* HAS A MEAL. THESE BEETLES FEED ON FERMENTING FRUIT, WHICH THEY LICK WITH THEIR PALPI. IN PARIS THEY HAVE BEEN FED ON BANANAS.

People have been flocking to the vivarium of the "Jardin des Plantes" in Paris recently to see the biggest beetle in the world, *Goliathus-Goliatus*. These gigantic insects were caught by pygmies in the deep forests of the Cameroons for the Reverend Father Carre, a French missionary, who sent them to Paris by air. Of fourteen, males and females, only half survived the journey, all the females dying except one. The *Goliathus-Goliatus* is a beautiful and completely harmless insect; it is 4 ins. long and 2½ ins. wide, its wing-cases are of a darkish brown-red;

THE LARGEST BEETLES IN THE WORLD: SPECIMENS FROM THE CAMEROON FORESTS ON VIEW IN PARIS.



SURVEYING THE BEETLES: M. PLANCHARD, AN EXPERT NATURALIST, WHO HAS CHARGE OF THEM. THE MALE IS ON HIS SHOULDER AND THE FEMALE IN HIS HAND.



"AS BRIGHT AS A BURNING COAL AND AS SOFT AS VELVET TO TOUCH": A MALE *GOLIATHUS*, APPROXIMATELY LIFE-SIZE, THESE BEETLES ARE HARMLESS.

and the head is striped in black and white. It can only live on one kind of tree and feeds on fermenting fruit—in Paris they have been given bananas with success. The *Goliathus-Goliatus* grubs live from one to two years buried deep in the earth; seven months is the longest that the adults live. The females, which are far less beautiful than the males, being smaller with duller colouring, die soon after laying their eggs. The noise made by these beetles in flight is reported to be as loud as if "an aircraft was flying overhead." (Photographs by Gigli.)

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

WILD FLOWERS OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

UNTIL recently there has been no book on the flowers of the Cape of Good Hope which catered for the ordinary gardener,

the amateur botanist and the flower-loving visitor to South Africa. There was the "Flora Capensis," and there were certain monographs, but there was nothing which was readily available—no book which the

illustration, the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century, the early days of the *Botanical Magazine*, the days of Curtis and Andrews, when "Cape Plants" were being introduced from South Africa, cultivated in English greenhouses, and illustrated in the horticultural and botanical publications of the period. Mrs. Garrett Rice's illustrations are in that tradition, combining as they do masterly and meticulous draughtsmanship, botanical understanding, and the subtle art of laying the plant on the page with a direct simplicity which makes a botanical portrait a work of art.

It is greatly to be regretted that the cultivation of Cape plants has largely died out in this country. One hundred and more years ago our cool and temperate houses were filled with these superb things. The Cape heaths, with their great waxen bells and tube-flowers, pink, scarlet, white, emerald or gold, were cultivated and exhibited as pot specimens, often of great size and incredible beauty. To-day one or two of the species are raised annually by market growers for sale in florists' shops. Apart from that, the only other species that remain here linger as rather starved and pot-bound specimens, existing in overcrowded conditions in botanic gardens. And where, except perhaps at Kew or in the Scilly Isles, could one see living specimens of those astounding shrubs, the Proteas? Bunches of ixias make their appearance in the shops in early summer, and each spring, at the R.H.S., Mr. Bernard brings up from his Dorsetshire garden a small exhibit of Cape bulbs, *Gladiolus tristis*, light and graceful with soft yellow, fragrant trumpets. With them come *tristis* hybrids of his own raising, and an assortment of the lovely Peacock Iris, *Moraea villosa*, with their three rounded petals, mauve, biscuit or white, each with an exquisite peacock eye at its base. These peacock irises, though the blossoms are ephemeral, are among the most completely beautiful flowers that I know. Pots of *Lachenalias* and *Tritonias* are grown for market and in a few private gardens, and so too, of course, are the Freesias, which have been cultivated, and improved—really improved—out of all recognition, and folk are beginning to recognise and grow *Nerines*, both the greenhouse species and hybrids, and the perfectly hardy *N. bowdeni* and its forms. But considering its wealth and magnificence the Cape flora is shamefully neglected to-day. Let us hope that Mrs. Garrett Rice's illustrations will stimulate interest in the Cape flowers and lead to many amateur gardeners taking up their cultivation.

Once upon a very long time ago I spent three years knocking about as a P.B.O. (poor unfortunate overseer) on fruit farms at the Cape. Looking back, I do not consider that I was so very unfortunate. We worked anything from twelve to twenty-four hours a day for thirty shillings a week, and that left me little time or opportunity for botanical study or collecting. But all the time I was in the midst of a never-ending succession of the wonderful Cape flowers, heaths, *Moræas*, *Mesembryanthemums*, *Oxalis*, *Proteas*, *Droseras* with big mauve flowers, *Ornithogalums*, *Amaryllis*, *Callas*, strange ground orchids, and innumerable species as to whose names I had not a clue. They came up in the orchards, and they sheeted the veldt as one rode about the country.

Years later I was looking through some early volumes of the *Botanical Magazine*, and there came upon illustrations of many of my old Cape friends. I had at that time a good-sized span-roof greenhouse,

with a stove and enough pipe heating to exclude frost. The *Botanical Magazine* illustrations combined with memories of the Cape flowers

threw me completely off balance. From a Dutch catalogue I ordered a dozen bulbs each of almost every species and variety of *Ixia*, *Babiana*, *Tritonia* and *Sparaxis* that were listed, and a good many species of *Oxalis* as well. That winter the whole of the staging, central and sides, in my greenhouse was crammed with 5- and 6-in. pots, and the following spring and early summer I had the most glorious and thrilling exhibitions of flowers that I ever enjoyed. One of the strangest and most interesting flowers was *Ixia viridiflora*, with heads of emerald-green blossoms with dark, almost black centres. Eventually I left that garden, and, to my regret, the greenhouse and the collection of Cape bulbs. These things are not difficult to grow, nor are they wildly expensive to buy, and a wide selection of the bulbs may still be found in English bulb catalogues, and still more in the Dutch lists. A little heat, just enough to exclude frost, is an advantage, and enables one to grow a wider selection, but many of the species may be grown in a sunny greenhouse without any artificial heat at all.

A few days ago a photograph appeared in *The Times* of a large greenhouse which has recently been built at Kew for the cultivation of Australian plants. I sincerely hope that the next development of this kind at Kew will be an even larger greenhouse, to be devoted exclusively to the cultivation of Cape plants. I would like to see them grown in a natural way, planted out and "landscaped," as they say in America, the heaths and the *Proteas* allowed to grow and develop naturally to their full height and splendour, and the bulbous plants, the *Nerines*, the *Ixias*, *Sparaxis*, *Babianas* and *Oxalis*, etc., set amid rocky kloof formations and in the sandy or gravelly, loamy or swampy conditions that they inhabit in the Cape veldt and countryside generally.



SOME PROTEAS AND THEIR RELATIONS: A GROUP OF AN ASTONISHING RACE OF SOUTH AFRICAN PLANTS.

This plate, from one of the books reviewed on this page, is by Miss Mary Maytham Kidd and shows five *Proteas* (Nos. 1, 3, 5, 6 and 8), a *Leucadendron* (No. 2), a *Mimetes* (No. 4) and a *Leucospermum* (No. 7).

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Publishers from "The Wild Flowers of the Cape Peninsula," by Mary Maytham Kidd, with Text by Captain (S) T. M. Salter, R.N. (retd.), and a Foreword by the late Field Marshal Smuts. (Oxford University Press; £3 3s.)

flower-lover could buy, and possess, and use for identifying the more beautiful and interesting flowers that he was likely to meet at the Cape. To-day he is extremely well catered for. In 1950 "The Wild Flowers of the Cape Peninsula," illustrated by Mary Maytham Kidd, with text by Captain T. M. Salter, and a foreword by Field Marshal Smuts, was published by the Oxford University Press. There are 94 colour-plates illustrating over 800 plants. The text is brief but helpful, and the illustrations, from water-colour drawings, are extremely good. I wish I knew of a book of a similar nature, illustrating equally well the flowers of the European alps.

Now we have the "Wild Flowers of the Cape of Good Hope," illustrated by Mrs. Garrett Rice, with text by Professor R. H. Compton, and again a foreword by Field Marshal Smuts. It is published, or "issued," by the Botanical Society of South Africa, and has been printed in South Africa by The Cape Times Ltd. Oddly enough, there is no date on the title-page, but Professor Compton's Introduction is dated June 1951.

There are 250 plates illustrating 444 species, almost all of which grow wild within a hundred-mile radius of Cape Town. It is not, therefore, a complete flora of the Cape Peninsula. The total number of species on the Peninsula is in the neighbourhood of 2500. The publication of this volume was made possible largely by the generosity of a number of donors and guarantors.

The "Wild Flowers of the Cape of Good Hope" is truly a sumptuous and splendid book, whose illustrations take one back to that golden age of botanical

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THE WOOLLY-BEARDED PROTEA, *Protea barbigeria*: A ROBUST SPREADING SHRUB WITH EITHER RED OR PALER FLOWERS, FROM THE MOUNTAIN CRESTS AND RIDGES OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

This plate, from one of the books reviewed on this page, is one of 250 by Mrs. Elsie Garrett Rice, and provides an interesting comparison with the other illustration. Reproduced by Courtesy of the Publishers from "Wild Flowers of the Cape of Good Hope," by Elsie Garrett Rice, G.P.C., and Robert Harold Compton, M.A., F.R.S.S.Af., with a Foreword by the late Field Marshal Smuts. (The Botanical Society of South Africa, Kirstenbosch; £2 10s. De Luxe edition, £6 6s.)

Perhaps these two books that I have mentioned, "The Wild Flowers of the Cape Peninsula" and "Wild Flowers of the Cape of Good Hope," will fire the powers at Kew into action, as the illustrations in the old *Botanical Magazine* fired me in my own small way. And may these books lead to more Cape plants, especially the bulbs, being grown by amateur gardeners.



SNOWBOUND FOR OVER THREE DAYS: THE STORY OF A U.S. EXPRESS TRAIN.



SHOWING THE PATH (IN FOREGROUND) BY WHICH THE PASSENGERS ESCAPED: THE SNOWED-UP EXPRESS TRAIN *CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO* NEAR THE DONNER SUMMIT.



SNOWED-UP IN THE HIGH SIERRAS WITH 226 PEOPLE ABOARD: THE EXPRESS TRAIN *CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO* WHICH WAS STOPPED BY DEEP SNOW-DRIFTS ON JANUARY 13.



MAROONED FOR THREE-AND-A-HALF DAYS WITHOUT LIGHT OR HEAT IN A SNOWED-UP TRAIN: SOME OF THE 226 PEOPLE ABOARD THE *CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO*.



WAITING TO BE RESCUED FROM THE UNHEATED TRAIN: PASSENGERS DRINKING HOT COFFEE BREWED IN A MAKESHIFT POT BY THE LIGHT OF A HURRICANE LAMP.



ON THEIR WAY TO A RELIEF TRAIN: PASSENGERS WALKING PAST THE SNOW-ENGULFED COACHES OF THE *CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO* ON JANUARY 16.

ON January 13 the express train, *City of San Francisco*, which had left Chicago on January 11, ran into snowdrifts in the High Sierras, near the Donner Summit, [7020 ft.], 150 miles from San Francisco. There were 226 people on the train and when the fuel was exhausted they were marooned for three-and-a-half days in the unlighted and unheated train. Two relief trains were sent to rescue the passengers and a "Weasel," a tracked vehicle for use in snow, brought them food, blankets and medical supplies. On January 16 the California State Highway Department announced that the first of the passengers were walking to a highway about half a mile away where a convoy of cars was waiting to take them to a relief train. The road had been cleared by a snow-plough over a distance of $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles to enable the convoy to approach as near as possible to the snowed-up express. Some of the passengers were overcome by carbon-monoxide from the emergency heating apparatus in the train, but had recovered by the time they were rescued.



CARRYING SOME OF THE RESCUED PASSENGERS: A CONVOY PASSING THROUGH A CALIFORNIAN MOUNTAIN PASS WITH SNOW LEVEL WITH THE TOPS OF THE CARS ON THE WAY TO THE RELIEF TRAIN.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE NEWLY-APPOINTED GOVERNOR AND C.-IN-C.

OF SINGAPORE: MR. JOHN F. NICOLL. To be Governor and C.-in-C. of Singapore in succession to Sir Franklin C. Gimson, Mr. Nicoll, who has been Colonial Secretary, Hong Kong, since 1949, was due to leave Hong Kong for the United Kingdom on January 24 for consultations with Mr. Lyttelton, the Colonial Secretary, before taking up his new post in March. Mr. Nicoll, who was born in 1899, was Colonial Secretary, Fiji, from 1944-49.



BEING DRIVEN PAST CHEERING CROWDS IN TUNBRIDGE WELLS: MR. KENNETH DANCY, MATE OF THE TUG 'TUMMOI', WHO SHARED CAPTAIN CARLSEN'S PERIL.

Mr. Kenneth Dancy, the twenty-seven-year-old mate of the tug *Tummoi*, who jumped to the aid of Captain Carlsen in the doomed *Flying Enterprise*, received tribute from Kentish people in Tunbridge Wells on January 17, when he was guest of honour at a civic reception at the Town Hall. Some 10,000 people cheered him as he drove through the streets, standing at the back of an open car and accompanied by his mother and father.



SHOT THROUGH THE HEART BY AN EGYPTIAN TERRORIST: SISTER ANTHONY.

Sister Anthony (Miss Bridget Ann Timbers), a fifty-two-year-old American nun, was murdered by Egyptian terrorists in the grounds of the Ismailia Roman Catholic Convent of St. Vincent de Paul on January 19. She was killed while trying to dissuade the thugs from using the convent grounds as a vantage-point for throwing bombs. The U.S. Consul at Port Said said her death was likely to have important repercussions.



MR. W. N. GRAY.

The resignation of Mr. W. N. Gray, Police Commissioner for the Federal of Malaya since 1948, was announced on January 14, after he had left for Britain. Formerly Inspector-General of the Police in Palestine, his work was recognised by his appointment as C.M.G. In the war he won the D.S.O.



MR. EDWARD M. HANLON.

Died in Brisbane on January 14 after a long illness, aged sixty-four. He had been Labour Premier of Queensland since 1946. He was Home Secretary in 1932; Minister for Health and Home Affairs, 1935; and Treasurer of Queensland, 1944. He visited London in 1950 for talks about Australian sugar exports.



A CROWN PRINCE BORN TO EGYPT: QUEEN NARRIMAN, WIFE OF KING FAROUK, WHO GAVE BIRTH TO A BOY ON JANUARY 16.

Queen Narriman of Egypt gave birth to her first child, a boy, on January 16. The child has been named Prince Ahmed Fuad after his grandfather, the first King of Egypt, and as heir to the throne will bear the traditional title of Emir el Said (Prince of Upper Egypt). Hitherto, Prince Mohammed Ali, a seventy-six-year-old cousin of King Farouk, has been heir-presumptive.



SIR ROBERT WATSON-WATT.

Awarded £50,000, tax free, by the Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors for "his initiation of radar and his contribution to the development of radar installations." He was Scientific Adviser on Telecommunications, 1940-49. The award was the highest yet made by the Commission to an individual.



DR. E. G. BOWEN.

One of two scientists awarded £12,000 each in respect of their contributions to the development of radar installations. Dr. Bowen is now working in the Division of Radio Physics, Commonwealth Scientific Research Organisation in Sydney. The total award to twenty-one scientists amounts to £94,600.



LORD HARLECH.

Appointed chairman of the Midland Bank and of the Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Company in succession to the late Lord Linlithgow. As Mr. Ormsby-Gore, he held several Ministerial appointments before the war. He was High Commissioner for the U.K. in the Union of South Africa, 1941-44.



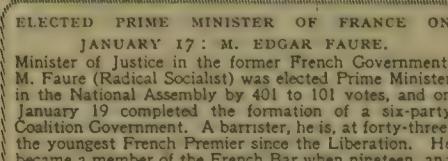
DR. SHEFFIELD A. NEAVE.

Secretary of the Zoological Society of London since 1942, whose forthcoming retirement has been announced. Dr. Neave, who is seventy-two, has been a Fellow of the Society since 1909. He was Assistant Director of the Imperial Institute of Entomology, 1913-41; and Director from 1942-46.

WAITING TO GREET CAPTAIN CARLSEN OF THE FLYING ENTERPRISE AT NEW YORK AIRPORT: MRS. CARLSEN WITH THEIR TWO DAUGHTERS, KAREN, AND SONJA (RIGHT). A crowd estimated at 300,000 cheered Captain Carlsen of the *Flying Enterprise* when he was driven through the streets of New York, where he received a civic welcome, on January 17. In a car behind him were his wife and two daughters, Karen, aged seven, and Sonja, aged eleven, who had met him at New York Airport. Captain Carlsen was presented with the city's medal of honour by Mr. Impellitteri, Mayor of New York, outside the City Hall.

THE NEW BELGIAN PREMIER: M. JEAN VAN

HOUTTE, CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST (CATHOLIC). King Baudouin on January 15 swore-in the new Prime Minister of Belgium, M. Jean Van Houtte, and his reconstituted Christian-Socialist Cabinet, completed on January 14. M. Pholien, the former Prime Minister, becomes Minister of Justice; and M. van Zeeland, Foreign Minister, and nine other members of the old Cabinet retain their posts. M. Pholien's Government resigned over internal differences on economic and social policy.



ELECTED PRIME MINISTER OF FRANCE ON JANUARY 17: M. EDGAR FAURE.

Minister of Justice in the former French Government, M. Faure (Radical Socialist) was elected Prime Minister in the National Assembly by 401 to 101 votes, and on January 19 completed the formation of a six-party Coalition Government. A barrister, he is, at forty-three, the youngest French Premier since the Liberation. He became a member of the French Bar when nineteen, and as "Edgar Sanday" writes detective fiction.

U.N. AIR CASUALTIES IN NORTH KOREA.



THE VICTIM OF COMMUNIST ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE IN KOREA: A BADLY-DAMAGED MUSTANG RECONNAISSANCE AIRCRAFT WHICH RETURNED TO ITS BASE SAFELY.



WITH THE NOSE COWLING RIPPED OFF BY A BURST OF COMMUNIST ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE: A U.S. SHOOTING STAR BEING EXAMINED BY ITS PILOT.



THE VICTIM OF COMMUNIST MIG JET FIGHTERS: A SHOOTING STAR PHOTO-RECONNAISSANCE AIRCRAFT WITH ITS STARBOARD WING RIPPED OPEN BY ENEMY FIRE.

United Nations aircraft in Korea have, from the first, taken the battle to the enemy and have accepted the risks attendant on low-level attacks and operations over enemy airfields and bases. That the Communist anti-aircraft fire can be accurate is shown by the photographs of the badly-damaged Mustang and Shooting Star reproduced above, which also illustrate the quality of the aircraft employed, for both returned to base safely. The same endurance was shown by a Shooting Star which was attacked by a flight of MIG jet aircraft when on photographic reconnaissance. The enemy fire ripped open a wing of the Shooting Star, but its pilot was able to bring it down on a United Nations airfield.

PAMIR AT SEA - LIBERTY AGROUND.

On January 18, the barque *Pamir* (2796 tons), a famous sailing-ship, now a German cadet training ship, was reported to be drifting helplessly in the Channel after her last cable had parted. The Margate lifeboat stood by and after messages had been sent, the Ramsgate lifeboat also put out. Later, however, *Pamir* was able to set sails and proceed on her voyage to Rio de Janeiro and the lifeboats returned to harbour. *Pamir* had forty-nine cadets aboard, four of them British and the remainder German and Italian. The master of the fifty-year-old *Pamir* is Captain Greiss. The Liberian ship, *Liberty*, 5250 tons, went aground near Cape Cornwall, Land's End, on the night of January 17. All the crew were saved with the assistance of coastguards, thirteen being taken off the ship by breeches-buoy on the following morning, when it was discovered that they had remained on board unnoticed during the earlier rescue operations.



THE BARQUE PAMIR, NOW A GERMAN TRAINING-SHIP, RIDES OUT THE GALE OFF MARGATE, WITH FORTY-NINE CADETS ABOARD. (BOTTOM, RIGHT) THE MARGATE LIFEBOAT STANDING BY IN CASE OF NEED.



ON THE ROCKS NEAR CAPE CORNWALL, LAND'S END: THE LIBERTY BATTERED BY THE SEA WHILE SOME OF HER CREW ARE BROUGHT ASHORE BY BREECHES-BUOY.

ANCIENT AND MODERN: A MISCELLANY OF UNUSUAL ITEMS.



WITH A POLICE HELICOPTER HOVERING ABOVE AND A RESCUE CRAFT BEYOND: THE TAIL AND WING-TIP OF THE NORTH-EAST AIRLINES AIRCRAFT WHICH CRASHED INTO EAST RIVER. A North-East Airlines aircraft, with thirty-six on board, crashed into East River, New York, on January 14 when attempting to reach fog-bound La Guardia airport. Passengers and crew jumped into the water or clung to the wing-tip, and all were rescued by small craft. Police helicopters hovered above.



BURIAL RITES FOR AER LINGUS DISASTER VICTIMS WHOSE BODIES CANNOT BE MOVED: FATHER J. DONELLY CONDUCTING A SERVICE BESIDE THE CRASHED AIRCRAFT. It was not possible to remove all the bodies of those killed in the Aer Lingus Dakota disaster of January 10. A Roman Catholic priest conducted a service in a blizzard on the mountain-side by the crashed aircraft. Relatives and others attending it had to climb for an hour over snow-covered rocks.



TO BE TESTED IN KOREA: A NEW UNITED STATES ARMY ARMoured JACKET OF LAMINATED NYLON WITH A WATER-PROOF OUTER SHELL TO BE WORN EITHER OVER OR UNDER OTHER CLOTHING.



WHERE A HOME-MADE KITE FLEW FOOD TO THE MAROONED KEEPERS: THE WOLF ROCK LIGHTHOUSE. A home-made kite consisting of a flour-bag and five pieces of wood was used on January 20 to fly food to the keepers of the Wolf Rock lighthouse, off the coast of Cornwall, whose relief at that date was twenty-five days overdue. Rough seas, which can be seen in our photograph, have prevented the Trinity House vessel *Satellite*, of Penzance, from effecting the relief.



RECOGNISED, AFTER BEING NINE YEARS IN THE HOME OF THE FINDER, AND PRESENTED TO THE ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM: A BRONZE-AGE BURIAL BEAKER. This find, made nine years ago by an Oxfordshire postman when opening up a new quarry at Little Rollright, has been recognised by Mr. H. J. Case, Assistant Keeper of the Department of Antiquities, Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, as a Bronze Age burial beaker of late Neolithic period. Its funeral purpose was no doubt to hold refreshment for the dead. About 8 ins. in height, and some 5½ ins. at its widest point, it is in good condition.



ON TEST IN THE INTENSE COLD OF KOREA: A NEW TYPE OF UNITED STATES ARMY SUIT MADE OF SPECIAL RUBBER. THE CIRCULAR STUDS ARE INTENDED TO PROVIDE AIR SPACE BETWEEN SUIT AND SKIN.

New types of protective clothing for troops on active service in Korea are being tried out by the United States Army authorities. The armoured jacket in the upper photograph will, it is hoped, reduce battle casualties. The rubber suits, with hollow studs to provide air space between the skin and the suit have been laboratory-tested at 40 deg. below zero, and are now being tried out in Korea. The men displaying them in our photograph are members of a United States Army research team. The question of winter clothing for troops on active service in Korea has recently come under discussion in Great Britain.



WINNERS OF THE HANDLEY-PAGE TROPHY FOR AIRCRAFT RECOGNITION: MEMBERS OF ONE OF THE TWO TEAMS ENTERED BY NO. 4 F. ILFORD SQUADRON, A.T.C. Fifty-one teams took part in the Aircraft Recognition Society's competition at the Science Museum. The Hurricane trophy was won by one of the two teams entered by the Royal Observer Corps, and the Handley-Page trophy by one of the two entered by No. 4 F. Ilford Squadron, Air Training Corps.

ENGLAND, AMERICA, INDIA, AND NORWAY: DISASTERS AND CURRENT EVENTS.



WHERE THE OLYMPIC SKI-JUMPING COMPETITIONS WILL TAKE PLACE: THE NEWLY IMPROVED AND ENLARGED HOLMENKOLLEN JUMPING HILL, JUST OUTSIDE OSLO.

The VI. Olympic Winter Games are due to start in Norway on February 14, lasting to February 25. If later acceptances were agreed, there could be a total entry of thirty-two nations, and there were expected to be about 1000 competitors. At the ski-jump shown, record jumps of about 76 yards are possible.



THE INDIAN GENERAL ELECTIONS: A POLLING OFFICER AT DELHI MARKING THE FOREFINGER OF A MUSLIM WOMAN WITH INDELIBLE INK, TO PREVENT PLURAL VOTING.

Throughout January, elections for the State Assemblies and for the Central Parliament, or House of the People, have been going forward steadily, with results coming in as they became available, the first major area completed being Travancore-Cochin, in the extreme South.



TRIMMING BRIGHTON'S CLIFFS: ROPE WORKMEN SETTING BACK THE CLIFF-TOP AT BLACK ROCK, BRIGHTON, TO REDUCE THE DANGER OF FALLS OF THE CHALK ON TO THE UNDERCLIFF WALK BELOW.



WHERE 200 OF A FOOTBALL CROWD FELL THROUGH A BREAKING BRIDGE ON TO THE LINE BELOW: THE BRIDGE

AT KNOWSLEY STREET STATION, BURY, LANCS., AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

On the afternoon of January 19, after a football match at Bury between Bury and Blackburn Rovers, a crowd of homeward-bound spectators was queuing on the footbridge at the Knowsley Street Station, when the bridge broke and deposited the crowd on the line beneath. Nobody was killed, but 138 persons were taken to hospital, and fifty-three of them were detained there.

The floor only of the bridge collapsed, the sides and roof remaining in position; and fortunately the line below was clear.



A CALIFORNIAN FLOOD SCENE: CARS TRAPPED IN MUD AND DÉBRIS ON THE ROAD LEADING FROM

BEVERLY HILLS TO THE SAN FERNANDO VALLEY, DURING RECENT FLOODS AND STORMS.

After seven drought years, South California has started 1952 with torrential rainfalls and, in the mountains, heavy falls of snow. By January 18, Los Angeles had had 17.4 ins. of rain, 2 ins. more than is common in a whole season, and after a fall of 4.17 ins. in twelve hours on January 17,



DRAMA IN HOLLYWOOD: A MOTORIST MAROONED BY THE CALIFORNIAN FLOODS ON TOP

OF HIS CAR AT A HOLLYWOOD STREET CORNER, CALLS FOR RESCUERS.

The evacuation of 2000 families from flooded areas was ordered. The storms were expected to return and, in any case, the snow in the mountains was expected to maintain flood conditions in the plains. During the week January 11-18, the deaths of thirteen persons were attributed to the storms.

THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

STORY OF AN AFRICAN RIVER.

By ALAN DENT.

BY far the most intelligent of the periodicals having to do with the cinema, the film-review called *Sequence* has regrettably come to an end with its fourteenth issue. It has gone down bravely, and the last number is the best of the many I have seen. Besides other interesting things it offers a selection from the script of that delectable new film, "The African Queen," and a short and vivid sketch of the late Robert Flaherty by John Huston—a fine tribute to the old film-director who died the other day, full of promises fulfilled, from the artless but utterly sincere pen of a young director who has already given us half-a-dozen exciting films, culminating in "The African Queen."

The page and a half on Flaherty is by no means a conventional obituary. Mr. Huston has

felt the urge to say something, and he says it in his own plain way—exactly as he does when he makes a film. He expends half his space in relating an anecdote in some detail, a story of how Flaherty once handled a difficult situation when the two men were coming away from a late party. As they were entering a taxi in the rainy street, a little coloured man, with a dangerous gleam in his eye and a knife in his hand, rushed up and said he had a prior claim to the taxi. He accused both of thinking they were better than he was because they were white. He was drug-soaked, desperate, and in maudlin grief over the loss of a near relative. Flaherty politely requested him to put his knife away. "The little man shifted his look from me to Bob and, taking the opportunity, I swung on him, knocking him down. The knife fell out of his hand and I picked it up. It was the kind where you touch a button to release a double-edged blade. It was for cutting throats—nothing else."

The point of this seeming trivial but beautifully significant story is that Flaherty insisted on giving the desperate little man a lift to where he was going, dropping Mr. Huston at his destination on the way. The latter, indeed, found Flaherty's manner a trifle cold towards him, as though he had been the culprit and the threatener. "Bob was disappointed in me for having resorted to violence. He deplored violence among men. It was against the Divine will that we should do injury to one another. All his work bears this out; the conflicts in his pictures are those in which man engages his fundamental enemies—storm, hunger, cold. They are never between man and man." The young director's love for the aged one is clearly explicit in such forthright writing, and as we shall see in a moment the older man's beneficence seems already, with his death, to be raining its sweet influences on the younger one. But let us finally quote Mr. Huston on Flaherty's general character: "As he was on the outside—gay, noble, compassionate, simple, brave, patient, profound—he was within. Look for a little while at a photograph of him and you will recognise all those qualities. He was a hard man to fault. As a rule, there is something inhuman about people you can't find anything wrong with, but this doesn't go for Bob; he was human above everything else. I think he was just a little more human than almost anybody else I ever knew." Perhaps the affection is all the more clear and direct because the words are so simple and straight.



"DIRECTED WITH HIGH IMAGINATION AND EMOTION": "THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE" (METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER)—A SCENE FROM THIS FILM ABOUT THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR SHOWING THE TALL SOLDIER (JOHN DIERKES) WHO HAS BEEN MORTALLY WOUNDED BEING HELPED TO HIS FEET BY THE YOUTH (AUDIE MURPHY; RIGHT) AND THE TATTERED MAN (ROYAL DANO). THE TALL SOLDIER DOES NOT WANT TO DIE IN THE ROAD, AND MANAGES TO DRAG HIMSELF INTO A FIELD.

Civil War (an upset about which I stand, sit, and write in a peculiar ignorance which can only have its roots in an overhaphazard education). But it is obvious even to me that "The Red Badge of Courage" is directed with high imagination and emotion. The hand-to-hand fighting in it gives an acute and piercing impression of being the real thing. In this film, and even more so in his latest film, Mr. Huston achieves something for which there is no better description than the single word *actuality*. This is, of course, easiest to achieve in what we call documentary films (though it is not by any means always achieved even there). In a fiction film it is much harder



"IN THIS FILM MR. HUSTON [THE DIRECTOR] ACHIEVES SOMETHING FOR WHICH THERE IS NO BETTER DESCRIPTION THAN THE SINGLE WORD *actuality*": "THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE," SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH MEN OF THE 304TH REGIMENT RELOAD THEIR RIFLES BEHIND A HAYSTACK. THE YOUTH (AUDIE MURPHY) HAS SEIZED THE FLAG FROM THE FALLEN COLOUR-BEARER AND CONTINUES TO LEAD THE SUCCESSFUL CHARGE.

just as Hepburn was, in the guise of a prim and angular sister of an English missionary who has just died, leaving us all to the not very tender mercies of Bogart, the river trader, who is addicted to gin. The actuality of the thing is so complete that we would be more scared than surprised if Bogart suddenly turned and barked an order to us in the audience instead of to the disdainful and desperate Hepburn.

The two, of course, fall in love in the end, but the passion is gloriously gradual and deferred. For nine-tenths of the way down the alarming river to the lake which is their destination, he remains "Mr. Allnutt" to her, and she remains "Miss" to him. It is not possible to think of any other actress who would have stayed so adamant, so shiny-faced, so integral,

so non-actressy; and her partner has been persuaded to escape utterly from the sullen, rat-faced gangsters he has been contenting himself with for far too long a time, so that we had almost forgotten he was an actor at all. Not all of the action is as utterly credible as this acting would make it appear. We find it hard to believe that we should so easily escape the concentrated gun-fire from the German fortification on the river bank half-way down the course—especially as our boat contains stacks of explosive gelatine in the hold. We find it still harder to believe a preposterous episode in which "Miss" dives under water to help underwater worker

"Allnutt" straighten a damaged propeller. We find it quite impossible to credit an all-but-tragic ending turning into ultimate catastrophe-cum-bliss in the nick of time.

But it is the journey, not the destination, which makes this film a harrowing joy, a gnat-bitten and crocodile-threatened dream of delight. The colour-photography by Jack Cardiff is magnificent throughout the film, and haunting long afterwards. And the dialogue—whether it comes from C. S. Forester's original novel, or has been concocted by the script-writers, James Agee, John Collier, John Huston—is dead-true to character as well as vivid and witty. Here is one taste of it:

ROSE: What a frightfully strong smell.
ALLNUTT: What smell?

ROSE: The river. It smells like marigolds—stale ones.

ALLNUTT: It does, huh? Not a very good smell for a flower.

ROSE: They're very pretty, though, marigolds.

ALLNUTT: Are, huh?

And here is another at a juncture which occurs just after the two have successfully shot the rapids. He is quietly gloating, she is breathless:

ALLNUTT: Well, Miss?

ROSE: Yes, Mr. Allnutt?

ALLNUTT: How do you like it? White water—rapids?

ROSE: I never dreamed—

ALLNUTT: Put the wind up you, huh?

ROSE: Wind up?

ALLNUTT: I don't blame you, Miss, for being scared. Nobody with good sense ain't scared of white water.

ROSE: I never dreamed that any mere physical experience could be so stimulating.

ALLNUTT (staggered): What's that, Miss?

ROSE: I've only known such excitement a few times before—a few times, in my dear brother's sermons, when the Spirit was really upon him.

The text is as full of such twists and surprises as the river itself. They greatly help the film's keenly enjoyable impact. They further its intense actuality.



A FILM IN WHICH "THE HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING GIVES AN ACUTE AND PIERCING IMPRESSION OF BEING THE REAL THING": "THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE"—A SCENE SHOWING THE TATTERED BUT TRIUMPHANT REGIMENT MARCHING ON ACROSS A FIELD TO CAPTURE THE HILL.

to achieve. In a fiction film acted by stars with familiar features it is almost impossible to achieve. In "The African Queen," in which the chief players are Katharine Hepburn and Humphrey Bogart, assisted by an African river and a crazy African river-boat, the nigh-impossible is quite simply and quite devastatingly achieved.

We are not watching tried favourites going through familiar postures. We are not even watching a clever director persuading tried favourites to exert themselves to do a little fresh and able acting in parts more detailed and better written than anything either of them has tackled for years and years—if ever before at all. No, we are in a crazy river-boat, careering along an incalculable African river, with Bogart at the prow and Hepburn at the helm. We are in this situation because it is 1914, and we have been surprised by militant Germans in British East Africa—

THE KING'S HOLIDAY: BOTHA HOUSE.



AMID TREES OVERLOOKING THE SEA: BOTHA HOUSE AT SEZELA, NATAL, THE COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF THE PRIME MINISTER OF THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA.



WHERE THE KING WILL STAY WITH THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET DURING PART OF HIS HOLIDAY: BOTHA HOUSE, SEEN FROM THE AIR.



SEEN FROM THE SHORE: BOTHA HOUSE, WHICH STANDS IN LARGE GROUNDS AND HAS A PRIVATE BEACH. IT IS THE SOUTH AFRICAN "CHEQUERS."

It was announced on January 7 that in the course of his cruise in March and April, the King, who will be accompanied by the Queen and Princess Margaret, will spend a short time privately at Botha House, in Southern Natal. This is the country residence of the Prime Minister of South Africa, and has been placed at his Majesty's disposal by Dr. Malan. Botha House stands in a 1500-acre estate in Umdoni Park, on the south coast, fifty-five miles south of Durban. It has a private beach, and is surrounded by indigenous forest. The house was built by a wealthy sugar planter, who bequeathed it to the widow of General Botha, the Union's first Prime Minister, for her use during her lifetime. On her death it was to become a holiday home for the Union Prime Minister. At this time of year the air on the Natal south coast is extremely healthy.

GIFTS FROM "THE ROBERT WITT FUND."

Sir Robert Witt, one of the founders of the National Art-Collections Fund, resigned his chairmanship in 1945. He would accept no presentation, so it was decided to set up from the general funds the sum of £10,000 to be called "The Robert Witt Fund." From this "The Thames from Richmond Hill," by Sir Joshua Reynolds, was purchased and presented to the National Gallery. Sir Robert Witt celebrated his eightieth birthday on January 16, and—in consequence of Lord Halifax having indicated his willingness to sell to the N.A.C.F., the Reynolds portrait of Lady Hertford, which he had lent to Temple Newsom from his Garrowby Hall collection, the picture has been purchased for £2000, and will remain at Temple Newsom in perpetuity as a national treasure. The sitter, eldest daughter of the ninth and last Viscount Irwin of Temple Newsom, was the grandmother of the fourth Marquess of Hertford who, with Sir Richard Wallace, founded the Wallace Collection.



PURCHASED FOR £1400 BY THE NATIONAL ART-COLLECTIONS FUND FROM "THE ROBERT WITT FUND" AND PRESENTED TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY IN 1945: "THE THAMES FROM RICHMOND HILL"; BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. (1723-1792).



PURCHASED FOR £2000 BY THE NATIONAL ART-COLLECTIONS FUND FROM "THE ROBERT WITT FUND" AND PRESENTED TO THE NATION IN CELEBRATION OF SIR ROBERT WITT'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY: "LADY HERTFORD"; BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. (1723-1792).

MASTER WORKS REVEALED: THE ORMSIDE BOWL AND SUTTON HOO STANDARD.

THE Ormside bowl—"one of the leading art documents of the early Dark Ages"—was found in the churchyard at Ormside, Westmorland, about 150 years ago, and given in 1823 to the Yorkshire Museum. Early last year the British Museum cleaned and treated it for exhibition during the York Festival, and it has now been lent to the British Museum for exhibition in the King Edward VII. Gallery until the end of April. It is of thin silver sheet, originally richly gilt and elaborately *repoussé* with bird, plant and animal designs. In this last cleaning, an ancient silver patch on the base has been removed and the full detail is now visible. The work has been carried out in the Museum's laboratory under the supervision of Dr. H. J. Plenderleith.



THE ORMSIDE SILVER-GILT BOWL, ANGLO-SAXON WORK OF ABOUT A.D. 800—ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS ART OBJECTS OF THE EARLY DARK AGES, BEFORE (LEFT) AND AFTER CLEANING (RIGHT) AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM. NOTE THE REMOVAL OF AN ANCIENT PATCH ON THE BASE.



THE FRAGMENTS OF THE TOPMOST PART OF AN IRON STANDARD WHICH WERE DISCOVERED IN THE SUTTON HOO SHIP BURIAL. THIS FIND IS CONSIDERED UNIQUE.

THE UPPER PART OF THE STANDARD, AS RECONSTRUCTED BY ONE OF THE MUSEUM'S CRAFTSMEN, MR. HERBERT BATTEN. THE ORIGINAL (ON THE LEFT-HAND SIDE OF THE PAGE) WAS MADE OF IRON AND BRONZE.



THE BRONZE STAG OF THE SUTTON HOO STANDARD AS IT NOW APPEARS AFTER CLEANING. A CURIOUS PARALLEL APPEARS IN THE BOTTOM RIGHT-HAND PHOTOGRAPH.



A MODERN RECONSTRUCTION OF THE SUTTON HOO STANDARD, RECENTLY EXECUTED IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM'S RESEARCH LABORATORY.

AMONG the remains found in the famous Sutton Hoo Anglo-Saxon ship burial of the seventh century A.D. were fragments of a unique standard which is considered the Anglo-Saxon development of the Roman *signum*. The complete standard, of iron and bronze, was 6 ft. 4 ins. high; and a reconstruction has been made by one of the craftsmen of the British Museum laboratory, Mr. Herbert Batten, and is now on exhibition (with the original) in the King Edward VII. Gallery. The pre-Hittite stag standard from Anatolia (first published in our issue of July 21, 1945) provides an odd but very remote parallel.



A CURIOUS PARALLEL TO THE SUTTON HOO STAG: A STAG STANDARD OF THE THIRD MILLENNIUM B.C. DISCOVERED AT ALACA HUYUK, IN ANATOLIA, AMONG PRE-HITTITE REMAINS.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

Such is the infirmity of human nature that when a "major European novelist," long dead, and cherished in his native land, is sprung upon us for the first time, we don't embrace it as an opportunity; the impulse, rather, is to shy off. Nor does it mend the matter to be told, as Mr. Brenan tells us in his introduction to "The Spendthrifts," by Pérez Galdós (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 12s. 6d.), that the unknown luminary is a kind of Balzac, Dickens and Cervantes rolled into one. Since the imagination boggles, appetite is discouraged.

And wrongly so, of course. Those who avoid "The Spendthrifts" will have missed, not a synthetic titan, but a new flavour. Frankly, I found no strain of Dickens in it, still less of Dostoevsky, who is also mentioned; of Cervantes I am no judge. The debt to Balzac does meet the eye; and it explains a certain slightness and restriction in the mere plot, which do not match its geniality or seem to fit a great writer. Clearly, "The Spendthrifts" should be taken as an episode. It is complete as a story; but it is just one story in a group, one chapter in a Spanish *Comédie Humaine*. And there the Balzac influence expires. There is no real affinity, no inward likeness.

The scene here is Madrid under Queen Isabella; the immediate setting is the Royal Palace. This monster pile, a labyrinth of streets and squares, of quarters rich and poor, of sumptuousness and dereliction, is a town in itself, and it is thronged exclusively with parasites. Spain was created for the Court and Government, and these exist for their hangers-on; such is the basic theory of life. And yet our hero Bringas is a good man; in fact, an innocent. He has his snug little job; he grabs his perquisites, and pays his debts, and sponges loyally on *La Señora*, thinking no harm, and seeking no advancement. Unluckily, he is a little "near"; and Rosalia, though a model housewife, has a passion for dress. One day, led on by that penurious and fashionable serpent, the Marquesa de Telleria, she buys a mantle secretly, on credit. That is the first slip; the rest is merely a progressive slither and a grasping at fresh expedients, each one more compromising than the last. When the régime collapses in the mildest of revolutions, poor Bringas feels himself a martyred exile. But Rosalia steps out like a heroine embarking on a new life.

There is a double comedy in these events: first, Rosalia's comedy of hide-and-seek with her unconscious husband, and then her private comedy of self-excuse. The quality of the pervasive humour cannot be described. But one would like much more; I hope that the translator, Gamel Woolsey, means to keep on and give us every novel in the series.

In Scandinavia they have a proverb: "All men are closest to themselves." This final, self-regarding factor in human conduct appears in literature on every level, and it need not give pain. While things run fairly smooth, it is a theme of comedy, as in "The Spendthrifts." But when they go far wrong, when the surroundings are atrocious, it becomes ghastly. Then one would say that between abject squalor and heroic goodness there is no medium.

"Look Down in Mercy," by Walter Baxter (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), is an exposure of self-love at bay. In India, before the outbreak of the Japanese War, young Kent seems promising enough. He is in love with his command, wrapped up in the men's welfare: rather suggestible and immature, but quite a good sort. And then he finds himself in Burma, in a lost battle, swamped with responsibilities and terrors. The immediate symptom is loss of interest in his men. Now, at the pinch, he doesn't care for them; he cares for nothing but his own skin. Yet vanity, and even weakness, keep him braced up, trying to demean himself with credit. But it can't go on; the ordeal is too great, the props are frail, and to the loving-kindness of his batman, which is true comfort, he yields in misery and self-disgust. Then comes the ambush, and the lowest depth. Threatened with torture by the Japanese, he screams for mercy and betrays everyone.

His batman is the only witness, and he won't blab; nor does he feel contempt for the betrayer. All men are closest to themselves, and very few would have behaved differently. And they are mostly nimble at repairing their self-esteem, so Kent's will probably revive. The thing is to suggest that he was raving.

But it doesn't work. Kent has some little, feeble notion of a fresh start; but all the circumstances are against him, and he goes to pieces. This book, for physical atrocity, disease and squalor, takes a high place. It is both gripping and well-meant; but it is very ugly.

"The Forthright Spirit," by Chris Marker (Wingate; 10s. 6d.), should provide an antidote. It is a kind of hymn to courage and endurance, by a young Frenchman, starring a tiny international élite. Van Helsen's airline project is a school for heroes; the founder, a dictator-mystic, ruthless and aloof, designed it as such. Only one bond unites him to the human race; his love for the young pilot Kelso, an elect spirit who was careering headlong to destruction when the airline saved him, by offering a substitute for war. To-night he is flying, lost and blind, in a terrific thunder-storm. And on the jungle-strip where he will have to land, Agyre, the weakling, is raving mad. Meanwhile, at Saigon three of the elect—Van Helsen, and his young friend Jerry, and the pilot's mistress—watch through the night. That, with the hymn to courage and the tragic ending, is the whole story. It is poetical and overstrained, and it is poor comfort; it has a gospel only for the strong.

"Death of Miss X," by Mary McMullen (Collins; 9s. 6d.), concerns the advertising firm of Wade and Wallingford, in Rockefeller Centre. Eve Fitzsimmons is the new girl. Her first day's work produces nothing more sensational than a to-do over the Farmer's Wife account, and an equivocal attraction to an art director. But the next morning a strange young woman is found dead and naked in the conference room. It takes a long time to establish her identity, but when the police have learnt who she was, they know at once why she was killed. Who, then, in Wade and Wallingford, had that connection with her? The place is chock-full of emotional involvements, so the field is large. The second corpse, the lurking terrors and the rest are admirably managed.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

AN HOTEL AS HERO.

HOTELS do not normally figure as heroes of literature—though in Arnold Bennett's "Imperial Palace," the great hotel in which the scene is cast is of greater interest and importance than the players themselves. Miss Elizabeth Bowen, however, with her knowledge of Ireland and her lively pen, has made a most attractive book out of "The Shelbourne" (Harrap; 15s.). "The Shelbourne" is an extraordinary Dublin institution. It is a Victorian and Gothic cuckoo in the Georgian nest of Stephen's Green, and in spirit and atmosphere it remains far more a living relic of "the Ascendancy" than the more obvious bastion of Trinity College. To-day "The Shelbourne" is as discreetly busy as ever it was in the days when crowds used to gather of an evening to see the lovely ladies depart with their knee-breeched escorts for balls and other Viceregal functions at the Castle. Lord de Montalt's house next door, which provides the bar—surely one of the most lovely Georgian rooms even in Georgian Dublin—is as thronged as ever. But "The Shelbourne," one feels, looks backwards over its shoulder; in spite of the flag of the Republic flying from its mast, one gets the impression that the famous hotel a little ignores the troubled times, and that hectic Easter Week of glorious April sunshine, in 1916, when Countess Markiewicz astounded her socialite contemporaries and paraded up and down with a gun on her shoulder, and Dublin for the first time became used to the sound of shots and the sight of dead men lying in her streets. George Moore, in his novel "The Drama in Muslin," makes one of his characters, Mr. Harding, remark: "Then you don't know the famous Shelbourne Hotel! All the events of life are accomplished there. People live here and die here, and flirt here and, I was going to say, marry here—but hitherto the Shelbourne marriages have resulted in break-offs—and we quarrel here. . . . Life in the Shelbourne is a thing in itself, and a thing to be studied." Miss Elizabeth Bowen has achieved a remarkable feat. "The Shelbourne" comes to life in all its 120 years of Irish history. It is a subject which appeals to her imagination, and to her feeling for things Irish, and a delightful piece of social history is the result.

"No one," says Major Legge-Bourke in "The King's Guards—Horse and Foot" (Macdonald; 30s.), "who has not actually served in one of their Battalions, can possibly know all the factors that make a good Guardsman, but at least we can all see what they have done in the past and what they are doing now." Thanks to Major Legge-Bourke, those who have not had the privilege of serving in the Brigade can obtain a very good idea of the combination of discipline and tradition which has made the Guards what they have been for so long—the finest shock troops in the world, and the most tenacious soldiers ever seen on its battlefields. In this book Major Legge-Bourke gives a history of the Household Cavalry and the five regiments of Foot Guards. Major Legge-Bourke, himself a "Blue," as were many of his forbears, but whose father, like many other of his ancestors, served in the Coldstream, has written a book which will, I am convinced, have a wide sale far outside those who have any regimental or family association with the Guards. It is beautifully and copiously illustrated (the colour photographs are incredibly good), and the histories and traditions of each regiment are separately analysed.

It is curious how the materialist's theory of spontaneous generation seems to apply to literature. That is to say, last week I reviewed Roy Campbell's first-class autobiography, which dealt largely with his childhood and with the great open spaces in South Africa. Now I have before me two books, each excellent in their own way. The first is "Venture to the Interior," by Laurens van der Post (Hogarth Press; 12s. 6d.); and "Sweet Waters," by C. J. Lambert (Chatto and Windus; 15s.). The first describes the return of the author to the Africa from which he, as a wartime soldier, had been separated, when he set off at the request of the Government to investigate a little-known territory in Nyasaland. How well, because how simply (and I remember my father's early books about the Indian Frontier), these men of action write. His return, after fighting in the Imperial cause, to a Central Africa which was virtually unknown to him, makes admirable reading. For students of natural history, one of the most remarkable descriptions is the way his low-flying aircraft caused animals to start bunching tightly together and running in circles. The Colonel believes this to be a natural animal reaction, because: "At Leweeuliang, in Java, when our light machine-guns on the left flank opened up on the Japanese infantry, they were completely taken by surprise. Instantly they had lost their heads and all conscious control. They had bunched just like those animals, and then started to run in circles, screaming with voices that sounded as if they came not from their throats but from their stomachs; and all the while we continued to shoot them down. When in doubt, it seems, when in fear, when taken by surprise, when lost in bush or desert and without a guide, the human, the animal heart prescribes a circle." A most interesting book.

From the same kind of stable is "Sweet Waters," the description of a Chilean farm which Mr. Lambert This is, again, a remarkable book, full of meat (almost literally, because of the farm) and full of interest. If I have to select highlights, I would refer to the clever Creole ponies, the 2000-lb. bull that jumped the 6-ft. barrier of a corral, the fact that a niece of his, against all medical history, caught foot-and-mouth disease from their cattle and surely one of the most mischievous but engaging parrots in recent literature.

"Deep Diving and Submarine Operations," by Robert H. Davis (St. Catherine Press; 35s.), has a somewhat forbidding specialist sub-title: "A Manual for Deep Sea Divers and Compressed Air Workers." On the other hand, everyone who was thrilled by the efforts of our human torpedoes, or who has shared the anxiety of the Navy over the attempts to rescue the *Affray* and other sunken submarines, will be fascinated by this volume. It is a book for a technician. At the same time it is a most interesting book for the layman.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

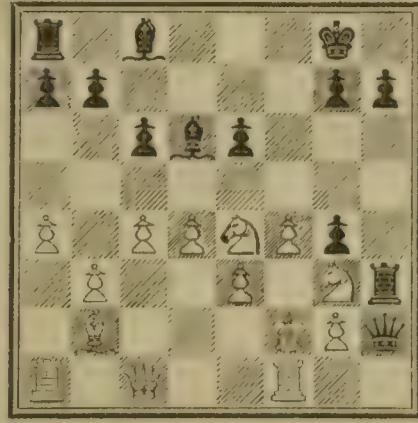
By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

HERE are two games each of twenty moves, each played within the last few weeks, and each marked by a final position whose full horrors for the vanquished are by no means readily apparent.

From the Northern Counties Championship:

QUEEN'S GAMBIT, STONEWALL DEFENCE.

H. G. RHODES	G. ABRAMS	H. G. RHODES	G. ABRAMS
1. P-Q4	P-Q4	11. P-QR4	Kt-Kt5
2. P-QB4	P-K3	12. Q-B1	R-B3
3. Kt-QB3	P-QB3	13. P-R3	R-R3
4. P-K3	P-KB4	14. P×Kt	BP×P
5. P-B4	Kt-Q2	15. B×Kt	P×B
6. Kt-B3	Kt-R3	16. Kt-Kt5	Q-K1
7. B-Q3	B-Q3	17. QKt×P	Q-R4
8. Castles	Castles	18. Kt-Kt3	Q-R7ch
9. P-QKt3	Kt-B3	19. K-B2	R-R6
10. B-Kt2	Kt-K5	20. Kt(Kt5)-K4	Resigns



Suddenly realising that the headlong attack, for which he has given up a piece, has recoiled on him; to save his queen from the threatened 21. R-R7, he must sacrifice the exchange by 20. . . . R×Kt and after 21. Kt×R beat a retreat by 21. . . . Q-R3. Resignation indeed seems more fitting!

Played in Russia:

L. GULDIN	S. FLOHR	L. GULDIN	S. FLOHR
1. P-K4	P-QB3	11. P×BP	P×P
2. Kt-QB3	P-Q4	12. Q-B2	B-B4
3. Kt-B3	P×P	13. P-KR3?	B×RP!
4. Kt×P	Kt-B3	14. P×B	Q-Kt6ch
5. Kt×Ktch	KtP×Kt	15. K-R1	Q×RPch
6. P-Q4	B-K5	16. Kt-R2	KR-Kt1
7. B-K2	P-K3	17. Q-K4	Kt-K4
8. P-B4	Kt-Q2	18. B-B3	R-Q5
9. Castles	Q-B2	19. B-Kt2	R×Q
10. P-Q5	Castles	20. B×Q	R-R5



White resigns, for 21. B-Kt2, Kt-Kt5; 22. B-B4, Kt×Kt; 23. B×Kt, R-Kt3 costs him a piece—if he tries 24. K-Kt2 to avoid the loss of one bishop by 24. . . . R(Kt3)-R3, he loses the other bishop by 24. . . . R(R5)-Kt5!

most envably inherited. Literally, because of the farm) and full of interest. If I have to select highlights, I would refer to the clever Creole ponies, the 2000-lb. bull that jumped the 6-ft. barrier of a corral, the fact that a niece of his, against all medical history, caught foot-and-mouth disease from their cattle and surely one of the most mischievous but engaging parrots in recent literature.

"Deep Diving and Submarine Operations," by Robert H. Davis (St. Catherine Press; 35s.), has a somewhat forbidding specialist sub-title: "A Manual for Deep Sea Divers and Compressed Air Workers." On the other hand, everyone who was thrilled by the efforts of our human torpedoes, or who has shared the anxiety of the Navy over the attempts to rescue the *Affray* and other sunken submarines, will be fascinated by this volume. It is a book for a technician. At the same time it is a most interesting book for the layman.

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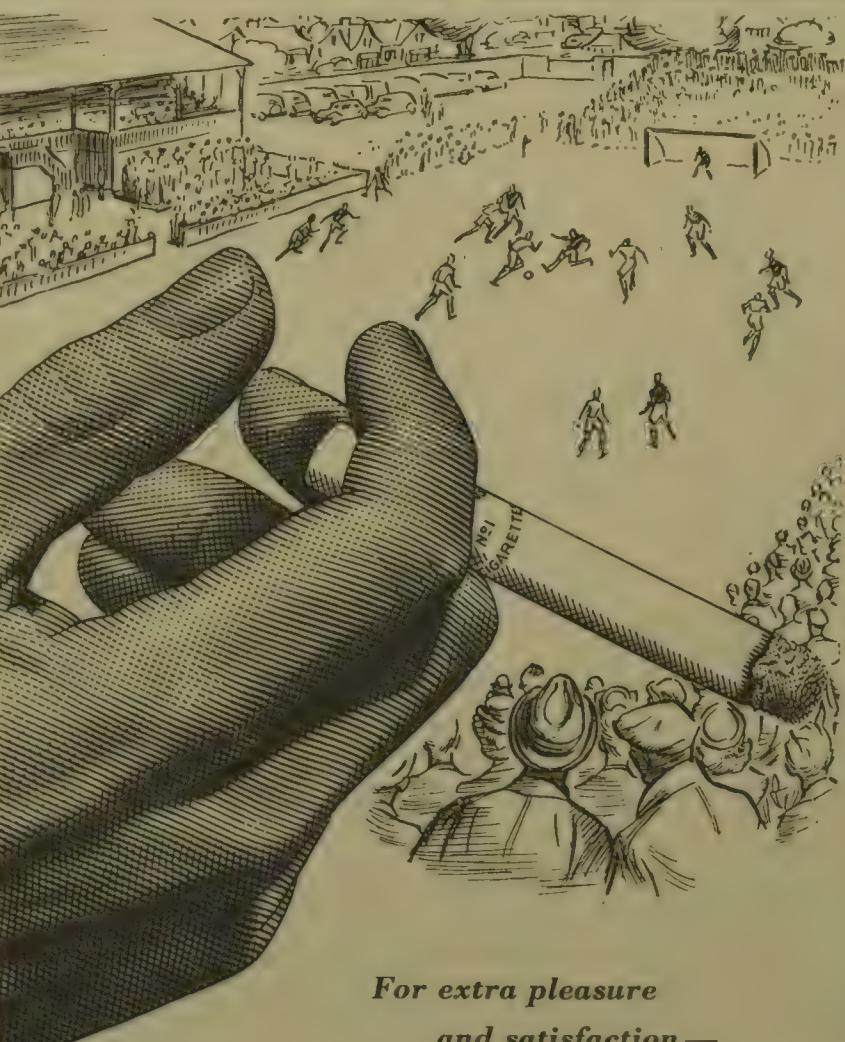
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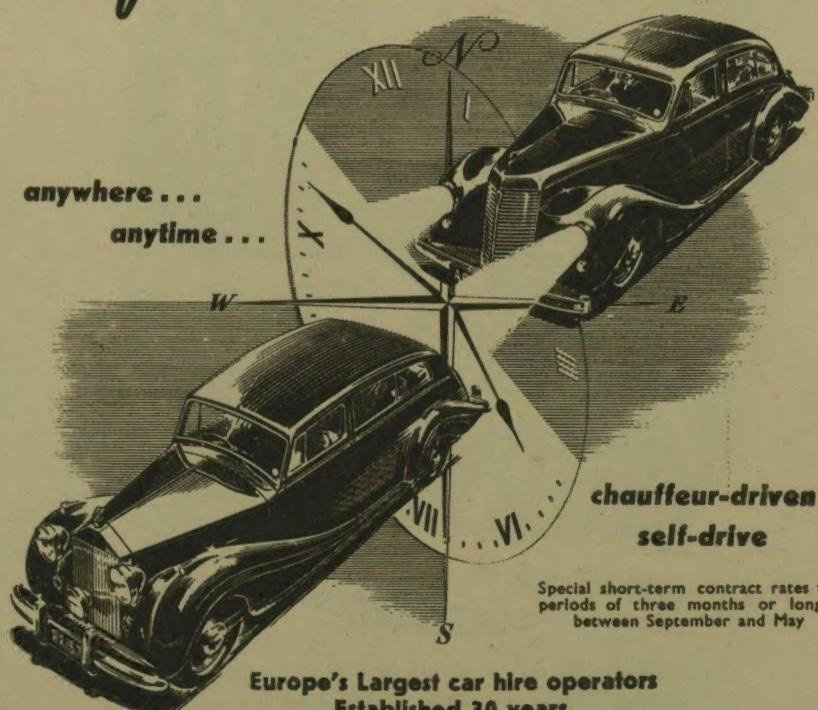
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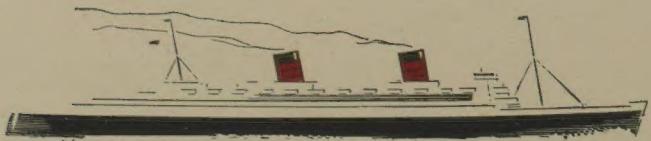
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